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J. H. Taylor

JOE TAYLOR

BARNSTORMER

His Travels, Troubles and Triumphs
During Fifty Years in Footlight Flashes

BY

J. H. TAYLOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

RIPLEY



NEW YORK
WILLIAM R. JENKINS COMPANY
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PREFACE

We do not expect this book to stand upon its literary merits. The more particular motive the author has in view will be an accurate summary of the principal events of his career. The illustrations will contribute largely to a ready understanding of the many laughable and eventful situations which may be presented.

In making this hazardous attempt to write a book I feel that the reader is entitled to an apology, or an explanation why I have the courage to undertake a stunt in which my lack of talent in this line will be so easily discovered. I have amused many friends and acquaintances in relating my many and varied experiences in foreign lands, and on many occasions the question has been asked, "Why don't you write a book?" So here it is. I had intended having it rewritten by an experienced writer; but ministers, lawyers, doctors and actors, to whom I have submitted the manuscript for approval, are unanimous in saying, "Present it as you tell it," and I therefore present "The Travels, Troubles and Triumphs of a Barn Stormer, During Fifty Years in Foot-light Flashes."

J. H. TAYLOR.

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1

JOE TAYLOR

MY CALLING

IT has been said, and we are led to believe through past experience, that all men are born for a purpose, and we know, from our own observation, that in many instances there are those who have passed from youth to the down grade of life before having discovered or determined just what they are intended or best fitted for. This, as a rule, we believe to be unfortunate, as we can cite many instances of those whose lives are that of discontent and partial failure. To illustrate: the King, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the circus, expressed a wish to be a clown. A prominent M. D. of London took lessons from me on the banjo. A Baptist minister wanted me to teach him to dance a jig, that he could join the minstrels. John Wilson, who in one season became a successful circus manager, said to me the day he sailed for Australia with a big company, "that after forty years, he had just discovered what he was intended for."

Will L. Visscher, author and lecturer, voiced my sentiments when we were giving an entertainment for the Portland Woman's Union, by saying, "I would rather go on the stage and make those people laugh than to be President."

I find great pleasure at this present time, in calling on, and cheering up a dear old couple with a funny story. On one occasion, after a hearty laugh, the old lady said: "Oh, dear, I never can remember those funny things." I admitted that I could remember nothing else. Question,—have I missed my calling? I have been a showman from the day of my birth up to, and including, the present time. I do not claim that on my arrival I made my *début* as an actual performer, unless the crying and the row I kicked up, as is the custom on such occasions, can be accepted as artistic.

This great and never-to-be-forgotten event took place April the 5th, 1834, in Belfast, Me. It had not been extensively advertised, as it was considered a local affair. As many of our lady friends were present, we decided to make it a full dress rehearsal, and private *matinée*. I have been told that I no sooner ceased crying, than I began singing. I cannot vouch for the truth of this saying, as I had other interests. Perhaps it was about lunch time, and from my

very faint recollection, I was about as busy as any hungry man would be in a strange country hunting for a boarding place.

I remember quite distinctly that between the age of three and five years, I had often been stood on the counter at Sargent's Corner and told to sing. Someone would pass the hat and take up a collection; but to my credit I can say, I never asked for it. I kept pace with the times by singing the latest songs that came out. To hear the song once, I knew the tune. My presence was required at many social gatherings, where I was invariably called upon to sing.

I had reached about the age of five years when a minstrel troupe came to town, and this I determined to see and hear if possible. Through the many promises of being good and obedient, my mother was persuaded at last to take me to see the performance. This was a revelation to me. They were advertised as the "Ethiopian Serenaders." The instruments played by these great artists were the accordion, triangle, jaw-bone, tambourine, and bones. To my way of thinking, this was a most wonderful entertainment, and they had no sooner left town than Fulton Berry, who was eighteen months my senior, came to me with a proposition to organize a minstrel show. This was just what suited

me, and we began at once to search for talent; Berry to act as business manager, and I to run the stage. After many rehearsals and as many misunderstandings, our company was prepared for the grand opening in our neighbor's barn. The price of admission was two cents for adults, one cent for children, nothing extra for reserved seats, which were mostly apple and soap boxes and nail kegs.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

Our appearance was greeted with shouts of laughter and applause. It was for several days the talk of the town. The Company, of course, were highly elated, but greatly surprised and somewhat humiliated, when we learned of our parents' disapproval. Some of the members said they felt hurt and disappointed. Be that as it may, I was hurt and not disappointed. I got all that was coming by energetic applause. The Company disbanded. My mother was several days in cleaning the black from my eyes, nose, and ears, without making any complimentary remarks in relation to the talent displayed. I quit the profession and retired.

In 1843 I was taken with my mother to

Lowell, Mass., where I attended school for a season; from there to Charlestown, Mass., where I resided with my brother, D. D. Taylor. My reputation as a singer was soon established, and I had many offers to travel.

Bigge Thayer and Bill Newcome, who were then in the zenith of their popularity, made me a splendid offer which I refused. In fact, I refused all offers, until Mr. House, who posed as a manager, came and offered me ten dollars a week and all expenses. Just think of that! How could I refuse? He told of the fine time we would have, and the great artists who were engaged, prominent among them, being Ned Gray, the Boston rattler; Frank Howard, the great banjoist; Dick Silver, fine violinist; Master Sanford, Shy Noyes, and Dick Dalton, all bright, particular stars, I, as I supposed, being counted as one of less calibre. At an appointed time and place, we met and had our first rehearsal. The printing was ordered. The Company was known as "House's Nightingale Serenaders." When the printing was received, I discovered to my surprise that I was a top liner. This made me very nervous, as I feared I was being overrated, and therefore would be held responsible for the success or failure of the entertainment. The *Life in Boston*, a black-

mailing sheet, edited by a man known as One-eyed Thompson, whose nom de plume was "Greenhorn," had much to say about the Company and the individual members. He was a man whose success, like a pawnbroker, depended largely upon the misfortune of others. He watched us closely for an opportunity to give a crushing blow to the Company, as he was at enmity with some of the members, who were really quite talented.

Our first stand was Melrose, a small suburban town, where we gave our opening entertainment, to a good sized and highly appreciative audience; and, although I was the youngest member of the Company, I soon discovered, to my own satisfaction, that Mr. House was no manager. I shall never forget the stage fright which I experienced that night, when I went on to sing my ballad. I have been in train and ship wrecks, and have had drunken men, two at one time, pressing the muzzle of their loaded pistols against my face; the fright in either case would not compare with that which I experienced when I went on and sang the following song:

"I would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years;
And all the heart that knew of pain,
Was wept away in transient tears."



HIS FIRST APPEARANCE

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The performance being ended, we were congratulated and given every assurance that on our return we would be greeted with a much larger attendance.

LOOKING THROUGH THE BARS.

Our next stand was Lawrence, Mass., better known as the New City. Everything looked fair and favorable for a big house that night, until about five P. M., when a heavy snow storm came on; the result was, "No Show." "What's to be done?" That was the question uppermost in the minds of the old stagers. I gave myself no uneasiness, as I believed the experience of the Company with Mr. House as manager, could and would see that I was all right. Judge of the surprise and wrath of the Company when told by Mr. House that he had no money to pay the hotel bill, and we would go to a cheaper place. Then, for the first and only time, I ventured an advice, which was, go to the landlord and state your case as it is, and all will be well. My advice was not heeded, and the result was, the next day, when we had started to walk home, we were all arrested and taken to Salem, and placed in durance vile; and there we were kept for several days, until the

authorities realized that there was trouble ahead if we were not released, as the most of us were under age, and notwithstanding the landlord paid fifty dollars in advance for our board, and promised with an oath a hundred more when that was gone. We were released, and being assisted by a few sympathetic young men, Mr. House having disappeared, we made our way to Marblehead, where we were well received, and all looked bright until I was taken down with a high fever and sore throat; but being tenderly cared for by an old lady and her daughter, I soon recovered, and we all felt as if now we were on the high road to fortune, as Mr. Coffin, editor of the *Marblehead Advocate*, had contracted to take us on the road, at what we considered a liberal salary. But alas! our fond hopes were blighted when the *Life in Boston* came out in big flaming letters, with great headlines,

“THE NIGHTINGALES CAGED.”

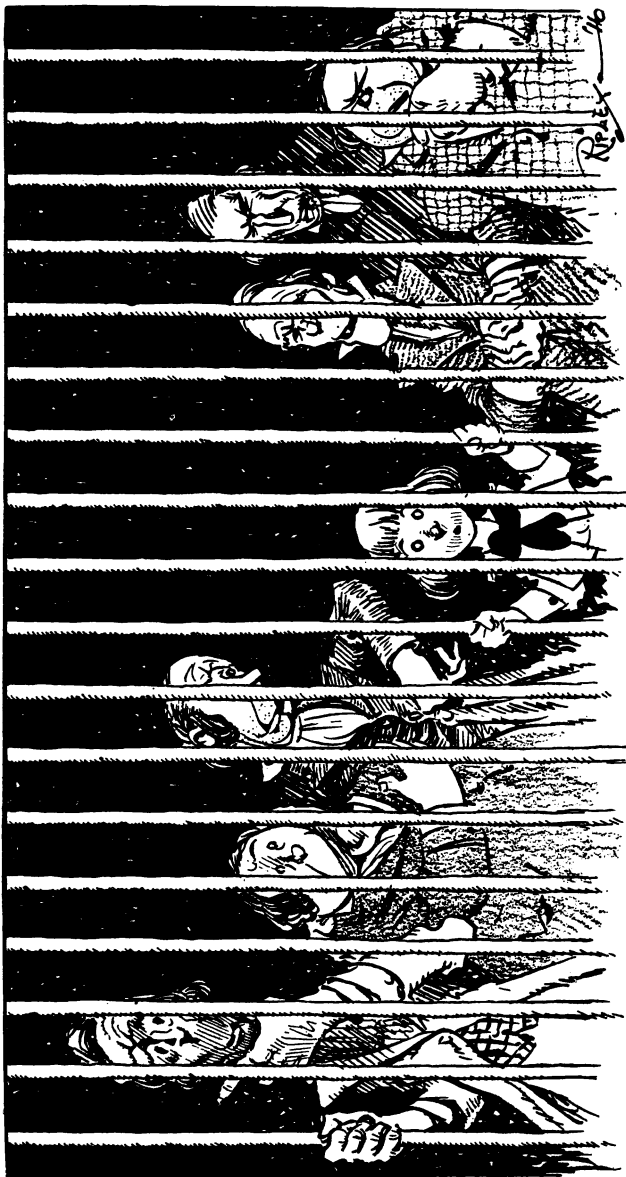
Then with a cartoon of the members looking through the bars, and telling what each had to say. We were crestfallen, humiliated, disgraced. We broke our engagement with Mr. Coffin, and resolved to return home as best we could, with a full determination, on my part,

never again to appear before the public as a performer. Possibly it would have been better had I stood firm in this resolution.

LOST IN SNOW STORM.

Morrell & Burk, two enterprising young managers, who claimed to have a fine Company of high grade artists, engaged me to travel with what was known as Morrell & Burk's Digarion Views. These gentlemen came to me with such tempting offers and vivid descriptions of their past triumphs, that I yielded to their offer to join them. Their first stand was Groton Junction. We performed there to a good house, but the show was bad, very bad snide. There was trouble among the performers. Dick Dalton, who was several years my senior, advised me to go with him, and walk home, a distance of forty miles; a pretty good walk for one of my age. I willingly accepted the stunt, as I was quite disgusted with the whole outfit. We started early the next morning after a hearty breakfast, and as the air was cold and bracing, we were making good time until a snow storm caught us, and in less than an hour it was so severe that we were bewildered and lost. I became chilled, and begged of Dalton to be left alone, as I was sleepy.

Dalton proved himself a man, as he refused to leave me; but instead he stood by me, and giving me a good whipping, aroused me to the sense of danger that we were in. Night had come and the storm was increasing in violence, when in the distance we saw a light. This gave us renewed strength, hope and energy. I was completely exhausted, and had refused to go another step, just before he discovered the light. On our reaching the house, which proved to be a hotel, Dalton said, "Give this boy something hot at once, or he will die." I received the glass and drank the contents without asking any questions. I soon revived, and the next day we arrived safely at home with a renewed vow on my part never, never again to embark in show business. This determination was as easily broken as that of a sailor, who has just been rescued from a shipwreck, never again to go to sea. After a few days' rest at home Morrell came to me with an apology, and an explanation as to the cause of the trouble. Burk had pocketed the receipts and vanished. This of course exonerated Morrell from all blame. He assured me that he now had a Company that was good enough for any city, and he actually led me to believe that this would be the very best opportunity ever offered for me to make a great name



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THE NIGHTINGALES CAGED

and good money. He mentioned the names of several well known artists whom he had secured. Prominent among them was "Yankee Scott," who, he claimed was the greatest of them all. Up to this time, 1847, I was an innocent boy and could not believe there was any such a thing as deception. I asked Morrell when the Company would be brought together, and where would be our first stand? He replied that we would perform on the coming Saturday night at Milton, Lower Falls, as I recall it, altho it may be what is now known as Newton, Lower Falls. We made an early start in a two-horse open wagon. Three young men, whom I had neither heard of nor had I seen before until we got in and made our start, were introduced. But as Scott's name was not mentioned I asked for him, and was assured by Morrell that Scott would be there; "But," said Morrell, "should he fail to put in an appearance, I can go on and do his act, as I have his wardrobe." My eyes began to open to the fact that there was something wrong, and trouble ahead. So strongly was I impressed that I asked to be allowed to go on first and sing my ballad. This request was granted, which to me was a great relief, as I was sure there would be "something doing" that was not on the program.

After my singing, I was told to go to the first landing, where the stairs turned, and sell tickets. I was given a chair and table, and had been there long enough to take in, with what was given me for change, eighteen dollars, when I heard a terrific commotion in the hall. What with men swearing, and women screaming, and the noise of benches and chairs tumbled about, I was so frightened that I made a hasty exit and did not reappear until the next morning, when I heard that Morrell had gotten into Scott's togs and attempted to tell a Yankee story, but failed.

In my hurried exit I had left my overcoat in the dressing-room. My temperature did not require it, but I had the cash, which I handed to Morrell. This bunch of bright particular stars were never again seen in a cluster. I had lost my confidence, my reputation, my patience and my overcoat, and I firmly resolved to retire forever.

After a few years at school in Charlestown, I was made a member of the Bunker Hill Glee Club, all fine young fellows, whose voices harmonized beautifully. I had been with them several months when officers and members of Hancock Fire Company induced me to come in as a member, as they were about to make an ex-

cursion to Providence, R. I., where they were to be received by Gaspee, No. 9 of Providence. This was in 1849. I gladly accepted the offer and became a fireman, and wore a uniform. I was highly complimented for my singing at the banquet given at the "Earl House," in Providence, when the mayor and other city officials were present, after which I was offered, and I accepted, a situation in a jewelry establishment by Mr. Spooner, and was allowed a journeyman's wages, even while I was an apprentice. After several months in his employ I found my health was failing, and I therefore gave notice that I must leave him. "Haven't you been treated well?" he asked. "I could not be treated better, Mr. Spooner, but I must be out of doors," was my reply.

While in Newport, a swell-looking fellow, with an immense mustache, wearing a velvet coat and vest and an enormous watch chain, came and offered to engage me to play under canvas. Upon inquiry, I found he had on exhibition an eight-legged calf. I refused his offer.

My next venture in the show business was with Bryant's Minstrels. Jerry Bryant came to Providence with a fine Company and opened at Westminster Hall, and I was engaged for the

season. This was before Dan Bryant was known in the business.

In 1853 the California fever was raging. I was then eighteen years old and I resolved to go with those who were engaging passage months ahead. Every steamer being crowded, D. D. Taylor, my brother in Charlestown, advanced seventy-five dollars for my fare, as I assured him that was all I required, as I had my voice, and a banjo on which I had learned to play a few accompaniments, and this, I believed, would help me through to the Golden West.

I bought a steerage ticket for seventy-five dollars, as the first cabin was three hundred, the second, two hundred and fifty; so I could do nothing but choose the steerage. After my seasickness, which lasted two days, I took my banjo on deck. 'Twas a beautiful day, just such as makes one happy and in love with the world, when I began to sing:

I'm going to roam this wide world in lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo to cheer me on the road.
And when I'm sad and weary, I'll make the banjo play,
'Twill remind me of my true love when I am far away.

CHORUS

Farewell forever to old Tennessee,
Farewell, my Lilly dear, don't weep for me.



WE WERE BEWILDERED AND LOST.

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This was on board the steamer *George Law*, soon after repainted and christened the *Central America*, and lost on one of her return trips, Billy Burch being one of the few passengers who were saved.

TWO SAILORS WITH MY TRUNK.

After my singing a few songs, many of the cabin passengers desired to come forward, my desire was even greater to go aft. Presently the Captain's boy came with a request from the Captain that I come aft. I thanked him kindly, but reminded him that I had a trunk. This trunk was 12x18 inches and 10 inches in height. No one had yet seen it, so the Captain sent two broad-shouldered sailors to bring my trunk. A great shout of laughter was raised when one of the sailors came on deck with my trunk under his arm. Suffice it to say I came to California all the way in the first cabin, no excess for my banjo and trunk. In nearing Aspinwall I began to feel quite uneasy as to how I was going to fare on the other side. When I mentioned this fact to the Captain, he replied: "I'll see that you are all right," and handed me a sealed letter of introduction to Commodore Watkins, who was in command of the *Golden Age*. On my

arrival at Aspinwall, I was offered \$50.00 a day and all expenses to remain over until the arrival of the next steamer from New York. This I should have accepted, were it not for the advice of the passengers, which was: "You don't know this man. He may pay you, and he may not; besides, you will take your chance of the Panama fever," which was then raging.

We were delayed one day, owing to an accident on the railroad. As there were no wharves at Panama, we were taken out in boats. Upon reaching the steamer, I took my place in the steerage, as my ticket directed. Soon after sailing I started aft, and was met at the rail by an officer, whom I informed I wished to see the Captain, as I had a letter of importance to present. I was allowed to pass through. I met the Commodore, who, after reading the letter, while a smile and a twinkle of the eye was visible, gave me a hearty shake of the hand and said: "You have a trunk, I believe." "Yes, sir," I replied. "Well, you can put it in my room, where you will find plenty of wine and cigars,—help yourself."

I arrived in San Francisco, July 10th, 1854, and was engaged to perform at Winns Fountain Head, corner of Kearny and Merchant Streets, in what was then known as the Old Union Hotel.

The large dining-room had been fitted up in grand style, marble-top tables, beautiful tapestry, brussels carpets, fine mirrors, etc., all in keeping with the manner in which the place was conducted. Mr. De Frewer, the manager, had met me on the street and engaged me to perform there, before I had seen either of my brothers who came around the Horn in 1849. Mr. De Frewer offered me eight dollars a night, which I accepted. On our opening night, which soon followed, I was surprised to find there was no charge for admission. The price for refreshments explained,—Ice-cream, 75c, with cake \$1.00; coffee, cake and ice-cream, \$1.25.

After a short season, I was offered and accepted an engagement with an amateur company to travel over the mountains. This was to my liking. I wanted to see and know all about the mysteries of the Mines and the ways and manners of the Forty-Niners. As Mr. De Frewer had gone to Nicaragua to join Walker's second expedition, I gladly accepted. This Company was known as the "Lone Star Minstrels." As none of them were from Texas, I never understood why they took the name, unless it was a joint stock Company, and I was the only salaried man, and perhaps I was the Lone Star. Be that as it may, we got along very agreeably with the exception

of one man, who disliked me because my performance pleased the people too well to suit him. This young man, whose stage name was John Warren, from the very start showed unmistakable signs of dislike for me in deeds, words and actions. The more applause I received, the more hatred and contempt was shown, all being received with a Christian resignation. This state of affairs continued for several weeks, until finally it came to a climax, at Main Bar, a rich mining camp situated on the North Fork of the American River. As we approached the Camp, while looking down from the ridge, some one suggested going down the slide, as it would save a distance of several miles. Warren, the young man who so bitterly opposed me, was one of the party, together with Stanley, the violinist, and myself, to make the cut-off. When about half way down, Stanley fainted and fell, the weather being extremely warm; I assisted him to a comfortable position, then went to the camp and got a bottle of soda, a piece of ice and a glass of whiskey. By the time I had climbed the hill I was nearly as far gone as Stanley. This remedy soon revived him.

After an hour's rest in camp, and a good supper and an hour's sleep, I went to work with the rest preparing the hall for the coming entertain-



**SO THE CAPTAIN SENT TWO BROAD-SHOULDERED SAILORS
TO BRING MY TRUNK**

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ment. During this time, Warren was having a drinking bout with some old friend and new-found acquaintances.

FIGHT AT MAIN BAR.

We opened the show to a crowded house, every space of standing room being taken. There was a liberal distribution of programs being given out at the door, on entering. All went well and harmoniously until the finish. When the curtain was lowered and half of the audience had passed out, Warren proposed doing another act that I had taken part in. I objected, on the plea that the people had seen the show and were going out satisfied. "Come on," said Warren to the other members. "We can do the act without him," and they did, while I was washing. Before I had finished, while my face and eyes were covered with soap and burnt cork, they came off, when Warren said to me, "We got along without you, you — — —." I was not prepared for what was coming, but I knocked him down. He fell under a table; I followed him up, as he arose, and in less time than I can tell it, there were twenty men or more on the stage, and in the dressing room; men and pistols about equally loaded; two of the latter being pressed against

my face by drunken men, with glaring eyes and blasphemous threatenings. "Gentlemen," I ventured to say, "give me half a chance and I'll fight any one of you, any kind of a fight you want." They were cowards, as no man accepted the challenge. Their reply was, "Don't talk back, but get out of this camp quick." They gave me five minutes to make it. I made it, and had two minutes to spare, but instead of leaving the camp I went with friends to their home, where I had a fine supper and a much-needed rest. This, I believe, was the first of the lightning changes. One of the members said he was reminded of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and of the inscription upon a marble slab: "Here fell Warren, June the 17th, 1776." This one-sided battle was fought June the 17th, 1855.

The next morning I walked to Greenwood Valley, where we were to perform that night. On the arrival of the Company, who came by stage, I asked Warren to go with me alone into the woods, where we could settle the question of right and wrong. This he refused to do, but he made an open apology, which, of course, I accepted. At the same time I gave notice that I would leave the Company at our arrival at Volcano. They tried to retain me, by offering more

salary and letting Warren go. This I most positively refused.

After the row at Main Bar, I found I had many friends that I knew nothing about while the fight was going on, and until peace and quiet was restored. One friend ventured to say, he wished one shot had been fired; you would have seen some fun. "I thank you," was my reply, "but I've seen all the fun that I require for the present."

Years after, while traveling with Backus Minstrels, we were at a mountain town where Warren had located. He came to the hotel where we were and insisted on my going to his home. I accepted his invitation and was treated royally.

MY JUMP FROM THE STAGE WITH BANJO IN HAND.

At Volcano I engaged passage on the stage which left the next morning at five o'clock for Sacramento. The stage was driven by Hank Monk. This was the man who was immortalized by Artemus Ward, and who made such remarkable time while Horace Greeley was on a hurried trip to a place where he was advertised to make

his speech. Greeley was being bounced about like a rubber ball, when Monk said: "Keep yer seat, Horace; I'll get ye thar in time."

I found Monk to be a jovial fellow, and a reckless driver. Being the only passenger, I sat beside him and listened quite attentively to his stories. While on the down grade, there was no weight more than the mail bags and my champagne basket. During the most interesting part of a story we struck a stump which broke the tongue, and the next instant found me sailing through the air as gracefully as a bird. The place seemed as though set for my coming and I came to earth somewhat surprised at myself but without a scratch or hurt of any kind. I landed about thirty feet distant at the foot of a fallen tree where the earth was accommodatingly soft and spongy. Monk was thrown from his seat, but hung on to the lines. He declared he was not hurt, although I noticed he limped slightly. I never saw him after my arrival in Sacramento, where I remained for several months and was engaged to perform in a hall over the old Post Office on J or K Street.

Another time when engaged with Eph Horn, who had a Company playing under canvas in Sacramento, we were all anxious to see the Miller Brothers, gymnasts, in their first appearance.

We were all in the ring doing the burlesque circus, but a thief was in the dressing room going through our clothes. An Irishman was discovered, who said he was looking for a match to light his pipe.

John McFarland, violin and cornet soloist with Tim Darling, jig and wench dancer, came with a proposition for me to go out with them on shares. I accepted and we made the start as soon as the printing was delivered. We traveled for several months with very good success. After playing in Downieville, we made a start for Alpha. As the snow was falling a young man volunteered to go along as guide, but after being on the trail a few hours he became snow-blind, and we became guides. We took him in to camp, arriving very much fatigued, but gave our show to a crowded house that night.

THREE NUDE GRACES WITH BLACK FACES.

Our next stand was Omega, where a circumstance happened which I shall not forget. The hall, or garret, where we performed, must be lighted. This could not be done with candles alone, so we paid five dollars for the use of two standing lamps, to be used as footlights on the floor, as there was no stage and no possible way

of having a dressing room other than hanging a blanket across one corner. This we got behind and stripped, the room being extremely warm, as there was a kitchen and barroom beneath. We were in no hurry in dressing, but instead we sat fanning our black faces, when an over-grown, clumsy boy came in and accidentally, or intentionally tipped over one of our lamps, and to prevent an explosion, our curtain was torn down to smother out the blaze, and we three graces were discovered making frantic efforts to hide behind each other. This unusual display created great shouts of laughter and ridiculous comments among the good-natured audience. Among the comments, after the excitement, I heard one man say this was the most liberal Company they had ever seen, as we showed more than we had advertised.

ENTRANCE TO HALL AT WASHINGTON FLAT.

Washington Flat, a mining camp, the location of which I am unable to recall, afforded us a more exciting and never-to-be-forgotten experience than any up to this time. As we were driving into camp we suddenly halted, as two men were having a gun fight from opposite sides of the street. After the battle, the result of which

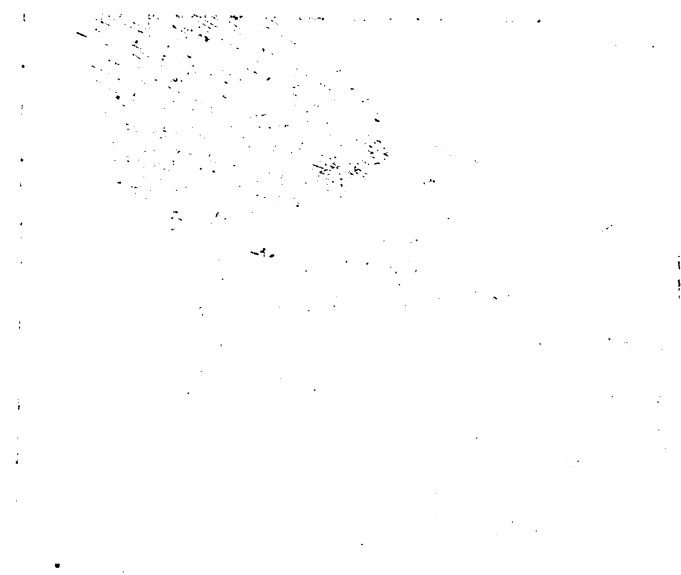
I never inquired, we drove in and up to the only hotel, and soon had all the information we required: "Three dollars a day for board, the same for the team. There is a hall upstairs you can have free if it will suit you, but my advice is, don't stop here to play, as this is the toughest camp in California, and if you don't suit the boys they'll throw you in the pit." "What's the pit, may I ask?" "Well, it's a place about forty foot square. It's kept nearly full of water the year round for the miners' use. Kenyon was here and he dasn't to play." "Well, we have a good show, and we are going to play here." Kenyon was very clever as a Prestidigitator. We noticed his printing as we were driving in. "Well, boys, there's the hall upstairs. You can have it free, but remember if you have any trouble you must take your medicine." "Oh! yes, we understand." This was on Friday, and we went to work after dinner to distribute our bills and prepare the dirtiest hall I ever saw, for the Saturday night show. The loft which was designated as the hall ran the entire length of the hotel, with the exception of a space of six feet, where some rough boards were placed on end, leaving a doorway in the center. Over this was hung a blanket, and back of that was our dressing-room. The boards were drawn apart from

the effect of heat, to such an extent that one's hand could be put through at any place from the floor to the ceiling, or I should have said, from the floor to the roof, as there was no ceiling. Everything being in readiness, our nerves strung up to the highest tension, the miners were preparing for the fun by filling up with their usual beverage. Mack was in the dressing-room tacking paper over the cracks; Tim was at the foot of the outside rickety stairs behind a barrel, selling tickets, having a lighted candle stuck in a bottle, that he could see to make change, while I stood at the door, where the eaves were so low that one must stoop to enter.

When the room was nearly filled, a man came and presented a ticket which was not of ours. "This will not admit you," I informed him. "It won't?" "No, sir." "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir; I never saw you before that I know of." "Well," he replied, "I am the great Western Devil." "Well, my name is Joe Taylor. It will cost you a dollar to go in here." After a short pause in which he sized me up, he said, "Well, sonny, I'll get a ticket." He did so, for which I thanked him. He was the bully of the camp and his reputation must be made good, so he extinguished each of the footlight candles, by placing his hat over each one sepa-



**GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE AND I'LL FIGHT ANY
ONE OF YOU** (Page 19)



rately. For this, he was encouraged by applause. Soon after, I called Tim to come up: "Sell no more tickets." The hall and men were full. There were no ladies in camp. The Devil's patience was abating. He was tired of waiting, so pulling aside the blanket which covered the doorway, he said: "When are you d——d niggers coming out?" "Come in," I said, "I want to talk to you." He came, at the same time grasping his revolver. "Well, what is it?" "We came here to give a show, not to fight, or if we did surely two hundred brave men will not fight three unarmed boys. You have paid your money, and if you don't frighten us to death, we will give you a good show." He began to cry. I had reached his heart. The fight was ours. We divided over two hundred dollars, bolted the door and tried to sleep.

Two hours later we heard them coming up the rickety stairs and kicking at the door, saying, "Come out, we want you." "We will be out in five minutes," I replied, and then said to Mack and Tim: "Here we go for the pit." On going down to the barroom we found they had removed the billiard table and had brought in others on which was spread as fine a supper as possibly could be served in that wild camp. We were there until eight o'clock Sunday mornin'

when I was presented with quite a number of gold nuggets, filling a tin mustard box. Tim and Mack were well treated, and as we left town three cheers and a tiger were given for the minstrels.

About the time that Edwin Booth had played his last engagement at what was then known as the old Sacramento Theatre, John Marshall secured the place and opened up with a Variety Company, Lou Rattler being stage manager. While engaged with this Company I met and became acquainted with Joseph Pickering, a man who, like a life preserver or an inflated balloon, would not stay down, and of whom more will be said later on. Mr. and Mrs. George Simms, two clever English Comedians, who were engaged by Tom Maguire in London, after finishing their engagement in San Francisco came to Sacramento and opened with us in "The Rat Catcher's Daughter," in which Tom La Font, Lou Rattler and myself were cast as Teedle De, Teedle Do and Teedle Dum. The play had a successful run of two weeks, when Simms and his wife disappeared. No one could tell what had become of them. During Booth's engagements, Mr. Venue, an old English actor, one of the old school, was given a dressing room in the theatre, as his abode where he did his cooking,

washing, etc., etc. His favorite dish was boiled tripe, the odor of which was most objectionable to the patrons and performers; therefore some of the boys who watched their chance stole the tripe and put in a Russian towel, which the old man boiled for several hours before making the discovery.

Mr. Venue was very precise in his speech and in relating his experience in the mountains while engaged with Julia Dean Hayne, said, "While in Mariposa we were playing Camille, and would you believe it, sir, in the dying scene of Camille the orchestra played, 'Root, hog, or die.'" The last heard of Venue, he had invested largely in fish-hooks and sailed away for South America.

Directly opposite the Theatre was the engine house, and the firemen, after having been given free passes to the show several times claimed the right at all times. Marshall objected and engaged Ben Moulton to take tickets at the door and allow no man to pass without one.

Moulton was a big, good-natured fellow, but would fight if called upon. It so happened that Sam Banty, a noted bruiser, came down from the mountains that night, and as usual came around to the Theatre and was about to pass in, but was stopped by Moulton, and after a few words

Moulton was invited out to settle the question. He willingly accepted and after being knocked down the third time, he asked the gentleman his name, and when told said, "Walk in, Mr. Banty, take a front seat." Moulton and Banty knew each other by reputation, but had never met until this time at the door, when the introduction was entirely satisfactory to all parties. Some years after Moulton was shot and killed by Joe Brewer in front of the Lyceum Theatre, San Francisco.

DE ANGELIS AND TAYLOR, WALKING THE TRACK
TO SACRAMENTO.

After an eight months' engagement in Sacramento I gave my notice, as my health was failing, and I went to the bay, where I met and became acquainted with John De Angelis, father of Jefferson De Angelis, a comical little fellow who had a route and was distributing the *Call*. He came to me with a request that I would intercede for him in securing an engagement. I promised to remember him and I did. 'Twas but a few weeks later when a young man came to the City for the purpose of organizing a Minstrel Troupe. I was engaged to secure the talent and to act as manager. This was the chance for

De Angelis, who was a passably good singer, and he was secured at once. Now, I had the music of the opening chorus from *Ernani*, but not the words. I had heard Bill Murphy sing them in the chorus, and I asked him for them. He would not give, but sold them to me for \$2.50, which I willingly paid, as I was anxious to give De Angelis a lift. He could help in the chorus and thereby make good the recommend that I had given the new manager. William Murphy is better known as Joe Murphy. In one week the Company had their first rehearsal, and took the boat for Sacramento. The printing had been sent to Folsom, which was as far as the railroad extended at that time. We had a big house on our opening night, although the rain came down in torrents. The entertainment gave entire satisfaction to every one, except the minstrels and the landlord, as the new manager had stood at the door and taken the money and skipped. Probably the new manager was the best satisfied of all, as he had all and left nothing but his best wishes. I have thought since that the fellow paid our hotel bill, as the landlord made no fuss about it, and laughed at me when told of our trouble, and offered to pay our fare, that for De Angelis and myself, back to Sacramento. This I would not accept, but I added,

"If you will send our trunks down by the next train, we will walk." The next morning after breakfast we started. The weather being warm, we soon tired of counting the ties. About noon De Angelis said he was tired and hungry. "Do you see that house?" I asked. "Well, when we get there you ask me to play, that is, after a short rest." While enjoying this rest we noticed some boiled eggs and sandwiches in a glass case. De Angelis followed my instructions, by asking me to play. Not a note would I sound until the proprietor asked me to play, then out came the banjo, and after singing one song he said, "Will you take a drink?" "No, thank you," we replied simultaneously, "but we'll take an egg." After explaining to John that this was the first degree in show business and that he got his much lighter than mine, he acknowledged he was willing to quit and go back to Susie, who is now Mrs. De Angelis, Jeff's mother. John De Angelis remained in the show business many years and became a general favorite in San Francisco.

John O'Malley came from Petaluma, for talent to open a new place in that town. I was engaged to secure a Company and to act as manager. O'Malley had a young man in Petaluma who played the violin and piano, whom he thought we could use to advantage, as violin-

ists and pianists were in great demand. I felt safe in saying that we would have no trouble in finding other performers to make up the show. On the day before making our start, I met a fine, tall, good-looking young man, who was known as Big Larry, a sure-thing gambler in the El Dorado, corner of Kearny and Washington Streets. I never knew of his being quarrelsome, but for some cause or other he seemed to have chosen me as a subject to work on. "You can't sing," he said. "That may be," I replied, "but I am getting fifty dollars a week for trying." "I can beat you singing right here," he went on. Just then Tom La Font came in and said, "You can't beat me." There was a difference of opinion, and they each put up five dollars as a bet, and each was to sing a song. I was chosen as judge and stake holder. They each sang and I decided in favor of La Font. Then Larry was furious, and shaking his fist uncomfortably close to my face, said, "I can lick you, but I'm not a fighter." As he was repeating the challenge, Put Bloomer, a well-known character about town, came in and said, "You can't lick me." The fight or fun began at once with tipping of chairs and tables and stove, upon which the proprietor blew a whistle. The police came and arrested Larry. I headed a subscription and got

Larry out on bail. He was ever after, or pretended to be, my friend.

On arriving at Petaluma I met the young man who was introduced as Harry Percival. This, he said, was an assumed name; his real name was Harry Evart. He was of good appearance, and quite talented. It was a case of mutual admiration. I soon discovered that he was just the person to be with me, and within three months we were known as the Taylor Brothers, and although there was not the slightest resemblance we traveled as such for several years, undisputed. After a four weeks' engagement with O'Malley, we were engaged to go to Weaverville to open a new place for a Frenchman, whose name I have forgotten, and it is just as well that I have, for he had a wife who was a beautiful woman, and there appeared to be an understanding between them that he must whip her at least once a week.

At the end of our engagement, a benefit was given me in the Dramatic Theatre, it being the occasion of my birthday. While on the stage doing my banjo songs, a man, an utter stranger to me, walked down the center aisle and placed on the stage a buckskin purse containing Eighty Dollars.

In 1856 I organized a Company known as the Taylor Brothers Minstrels, as at that time we



THREE NUDE GRACES WITH BLACK FACES (Page 23)

were well and favorably known. The Company consisted of the following performers: Tom King, Robert Carr, C. C. Keene, Charlie Nickerson, Mike Mitchell and the Taylor Brothers. There were no steamers running between Honolulu and San Francisco at that time, but instead two sailing vessels, the bark *Comet* and the bark *Yankee*. We took passage on the *Comet*. This proved to be a delightful sail, but a very disastrous investment. Some of the members appeared to act and feel as if they were then off for the sole purpose of having a jolly good time and never-ending spree. The result was that in three weeks after our arrival we were all flat broke. This state of affairs brought most of them to their senses, when they realized the situation, and coming to me, asked: "What shall we do?" "Do the best you can. Each man for himself. I'll see what I can do, and if I can help the rest I will. Something must be done, and I am the one to do it." That's what they thought.

Peckutrell, owner, proprietor and manager of the hotel where we were staying, offered to fit up a hall adjoining his place and give it to us free. We thought this to be very liberal. It looked so to me. Had he paid fifty dollars a night for the Company, he would have done well for us and for himself, for during the season he

was taking in as high as six hundred dollars a day over his bar.

ASSISTING THE PRINCE IN MAKING HIS EXIT.

William Louanallo was the rightful heir to the throne, but through his wild, reckless and thoughtless habits he was disgraced and lost his job; still he was recognized as "Prince Bill." He was a fine looking fellow, well educated and very tastefully dressed. I was just recovering from an attack of the Boohoo fever and did not perform that night, when Bill with his bodyguard came to the show. I was at the door. I cautioned Bill, as he entered, that he must keep quiet during the performance. This he promised to do, but he soon forgot the promise, and notwithstanding the fact that his bodyguard was present, I took him by the arm and led him to the door, where I assisted him in making his exit with the toe of my boot. This he remembered, as on my return a few years later, meeting him on the street, he said: "Hello, Joe! How are you? I used to like to hear you sing. What can't be cured must be endured, so fare you well, I'm going away."

C. C. Keene had money, and he took passage for San Francisco. Carr and Mitchell went by

the next boat. King and Nickerson followed. "Harry, I have a chance to go on the *Comet*, but I won't go if you want me to stay." "Go on," said Harry, "I'll get there some time."

Among the passengers on the *Comet* were the American Consul, Russian Admiral, a pilot and a wealthy rancher from the Sacramento Valley. On the first Saturday night at sea, these gentlemen had a little bit of a spree. I knew full well what would follow, or at least, a part of what would follow, so I determined that when they called on me to play, I would endeavor to make them understand that I expected pay, therefore I retired unusually early. Soon the cabin boy came with a request that I get up and play. "No, I'm tired." Then the Captain came. "Taylor, won't you come out and play for us? We expect to pay you." "I'll be there in five minutes." I played and sang a few songs, then took a cigar and one for the mate, whose watch was on deck. While walking up and down talking and smoking we heard a shot, and on going below we found the Sacramento Valley rancher had bathed, and dressed himself in white linen throughout for the occasion, and lying in his bunk had shot himself through the head and died instantly.

As I promised the Captain that I would pay

my fare as soon as I could make it, I paid it out of that night's receipts, and on my arrival at San Francisco I went on shore with twenty-five dollars in my pocket.

I had the poorest room in the cabin. The rancher had the best. He was buried on Sunday. This was the second burial at sea that I had witnessed. The Captain offered me the rancher's room, which I declined, saying, "I thank you. I believe I can sleep better where I am."

On my arrival in San Francisco I was engaged at the Athenæum on Montgomery Street. This was a part of the ruins of the Metropolitan Theatre. It so happened that during the first week of my engagement the place changed hands, and was closed for three weeks. I was engaged to appear with the new Company, my salary to continue from the time of closing, until the reopening under the new manager.

Sam Tetlow, proprietor and manager of the Bella Union Theatre, offered me an engagement, which, after the consent of the party who was now paying me a salary in advance, I accepted. This was the first and only time that I ever received a salary at two places and only performed at one. Although this proved to be quite strenuous, I firmly believe I could, with proper train-

ing, have continued on for three weeks longer. About the time that James King of William was shot and killed, Ned Bingham had a cigar stand on the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets, and as there had been several gun fights uncomfortably close to him, he had a large sign painted in flaming letters and hung up:

**"NO SHOOTING ALLOWED ON THIS
CORNER."**

I secured an engagement for Harry before his return, for which he was very thankful.

In 1857 I engaged a small Company to travel overland to Portland, at as liberal and fair salary as I thought we could stand, with a distinct understanding that they would remain with us until our arrival in Portland. The wagon road not being finished, we had trouble, at times, in making the settlements to which we had sent the announcements of our coming. We had secured a two-horse rig, the owner to drive. He received his salary daily. For quite a while we struggled along barely paying expenses, when these three men engaged, demanded more pay. "This is unreasonable," I replied. "You are the only ones making any money; however, if you wish to leave me and remain here, I will wish you good

luck, and Harry and I will keep on to Portland." They decided to remain; and strange to say our luck changed from that day, but in less than a week they had overtaken us and were glad to be received as they were, with open arms.

THE MEXICAN AND PATTERSON FIGHT.

At Sailor Diggings, Oregon, Ferd Patterson, whom I had known as a quiet, peaceful, and in-offensive man, was sitting in front of what was designated as the Hotel. A Mexican on horse-back came up and said, "Are you Patterson?" "Yes, I am," whereupon they each drew their pistols and fired rapidly. When the shots were out, the Mexican renewed the fight with his knife. Patterson's hands were cut to shreds in the struggle for the knife, which he finally managed to wrest from his opponent and gave him his death blow. The Mexican lay dead in the street and Patterson, faint and staggering, from loss of blood, fell into his chair and said, "If any one thinks that fellow ain't a fighter, they had better try him." Patterson's hands were disfigured for life. In 1864 or 1865 Patterson was shot and killed in Walla Walla.

On our arrival at Roseburg, I went into a bil-

liard room, the day before we were billed to perform. "Is there anyone here who would like to play a game of billiards?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, "Jim Jones will play you." (This I heard from several loafers, who were evidently waiting for someone to come in and treat.) I soon found he was the best player in town. "Is this for drinks?" he asked, as we were preparing to commence. "Oh, yes, of course." He led off with a pretty good run, and then said, "For the crowd?" "Yes, of course," I said. "Bring in some more, if you wish." He did so, and made another run. He was the best player, but I had the best nerve, and I won the game. The whole town took a drink at his expense. "You can't beat me for a hundred dollars," was his next challenge. "Oh, yes, I can beat you for a hundred dollars as easy as I can beat you for beer." "Will you play me for a hundred?" he asked. "Certainly, but I've only thirty dollars in my pocket." (My Company made up the hundred.) We played. He lost. The next night was a winner, as the hall was packed to suffocation, and all on account of the billiard champion being defeated, as he was the proprietor of the place, and had beaten every one who came along up to that time.

TIPPED OVER IN THE POND.

Soon after, I think it was at Healdsburg, our driver discovered that he was getting too far from home and he left us. I found another man who had a rig, whose wagon, he said, was a good one, but it had been standing in the sun for quite a while. "Get in," he said, "and we'll drive down to the pond, and wet the wheels." He drove in, and the cart tipped completely over. I scrambled ashore the best I could, but had to go back for my hat that cost me \$25.00 when starting out with the Backus party. There were eleven of us, and we went in to Tiffany's, on Washington Street, and paid \$275.00 for hats. The poorest investment we ever made, was the fact we all agreed upon, before we had worn them a week, as they were Peruvian hats made of red wool, with stiff rims. It took but a few days in a jolting wagon to give each one a black eye. I got the hat, a free bath, and big attendance at the show. Bill Brown, a name which I had not intended to mention, acted as our agent. He was a quarrelsome fellow, but I never had any trouble with him; in fact, I went to the prison where he was confined for killing a man in Sacramento. His case was proven self-defense, and therefore justifiable.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

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One day in a small town we (Brown and I) were about to play a game of billiards. Two fellows asked if we would make it four-handed. "Yes," we replied, "come in," and we beat them. "You can't beat us at poker," said one. "That's our game," said Brown, who thought he could play; but I knew that I couldn't. We went to an upper room and commenced to play draw. It was but a short time when I found they were too smart for me. A put-up hand gave me three jacks. We made our bets, and in the draw I got by chance the fourth. "I believe," said my opponent, "you've got the other jack." "Yes, I have," was my reply, and I raked in sixty dollars. In the next deal Brown and one of the others got into a slight argument. That was just what I wanted. I left the table and positively refused to play any more. I went to the room below and was reading a paper when they came down. These gentlemen treated me with great respect. I did not understand it until Brown explained. He had said that I was a desperate man, and was obliged to leave California on account of killing two men. This explanation was made to me by Brown, after we left town.

Our next experience was an early morning start. As we had a sixty-mile drive to make, we were on the road at daybreak, without having

had our breakfast, and taking chances on dinner. About two P. M. we saw a little cottage some distance from the road. We drove under a tree, which afforded a good shade for the horses, while I went to the house to ask for dinner. The landlady was a pretty little woman with an infant in her arms. When asked if we could get dinner, she replied: "Yes, if you can cook it yourself." There is plenty of milk, eggs, chickens, ham and potatoes. I can't do the cooking, as I have my baby to attend to." "We can do the cooking," I replied, "we have a professional cook with us," which was true. Billy Wilson was the individual. After dinner, two hours' rest, and a smoke, I asked the lady how much we were indebted to her; she replied: "Oh, I don't know. Is a dollar too much?" "No," I replied, and handed her two dollars, while the boys pooled in, I don't know how much.

We reached Canyonville, or Canyon City (I am not quite sure) at six P. M. on Saturday. We gave our show on the second floor of a new building, intended for a store. It was covered in, and a few of the windows were placed. The floor was not laid, only by loose boards. It appeared to me that every living person in the country was there, as the hall was packed to suffocation. About ten o'clock, just after breakfast on Sun-

day, I noticed a young man looking at me quite steadily; sizing me up, as it were. Finally, coming nearer, he said: "Are you the fellow that played the banjo?" "I am," was my reply. "Well, come out to the stable; I want to show you my team." I went with him and was shown as well matched a pair of horses as I had ever seen; together with silver mounted harness, a beautiful new buggy and all complete, which he said he would give me if I would learn him that one tune I played last night. "That," I said, "is impossible, as I leave with my Company early to-morrow morning."

SMALL FAMILIES COMING IN BUNCHES TO THE FARM.

The next day, about ten A. M., we came to a large farm, where there were many fine buildings and every indication of prosperity could be seen on every side. (Situated near the foot of the range of mountains.) While watering our team, the gentleman questioned us pretty closely, and when he discovered who and what we were, said, "Why don't you give a show here?" "Why," I replied, "there is no one here to show to." "Oh, yes, there is. Have you any printing?" It so happened that I had thirty or

forty "To-night" dodgers, which I dug up from the bottom of my bill trunk. These I handed him. He called his six grown sons, who received an equal proportion of the printing and started out on horseback, each splendidly mounted. That night from all directions could be seen men, women and children coming in bunches with a lantern in each bunch. The large hall was packed to the door.

The landlord's little girl, about seven or eight years old, took a front seat. She was bright and very pretty. She came to enjoy herself and she did; and she did more than our whole Company could possibly do toward the enjoyment of the others, as she had never before seen a black face. Her laughter commenced from the time we appeared, until the close of the performance; and such a sweet laugh that all must laugh with her, and they did.

On the day of our arrival in Portland another Company came in from British Columbia, and were enjoying a wedding supper. Mike Gallagher, a popular young man, who with Joe Webber was established as a tonsorial artist of higher order, was the happy man. We accepted an invitation to join in the festivities, as Gallagher, we were told, was a particular friend of show people. About the time when the wine, of

which there was plenty, began to effervesce and talk, I begged to be excused, as I realized there was business that must be attended to at once, so I started out and did not return until I had secured a lease of the theatre for three months. There being but one theatre in Portland at the time, I was master of the situation. I went to work with a vim and engaged all of the other Company, together with the Chapman family. Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, Caroline and Sam Chapman, Alonzo Parks and Nat Haywood, all fine performers. Charley Lovell being their business manager. Mike Mitchell being the jig and wench dancer, was engaged with us. He was a splendid little man, of tender and sympathetic heart, a good performer and a true friend; but alas! the jovial cup of good fellowship has done its work. He was frozen to death on the street in Portland, and in the burying-ground may be seen:

Here lies one who had taken steps
To win the applause of man:
But grim death came and took a step,
Which he could not withstand.
Poor boy.

We were doing a good business, and I secured an extension of my lease for three months longer, during which time Charlie Stuart built a new

Theatre. John Partington, a very popular young man, who held a position as Captain of the Guard at the State Prison, had lost his job; it is presumed through some political pull, but I am not prepared to say.

But he lost his job and came to me for assistance. "I want a benefit," he said, "and I think I've friends enough to justify me in my appeal." "Well, John, I'll give my services and the Theatre free and will endeavor to get the Company to volunteer. Those who will not, you must pay, and you must pay for such printing as you may require;" to all of which he agreed. There was but one performer who claimed his pay. John cleared something over three hundred dollars. Stuart's Theatre being finished, he engaged the Chapman family, who refused to leave me until I took a benefit, which had been proposed by members of the Company. On the date set for the benefit, Lee & Marshall's Circus, which was billed to open the following night, came to town, and most of the Company came to the show and were passed in free. I had a good house, but on the opening of the new Theatre and the taking away of some of my people, the business fell down to mere paying expenses. When the Chapman Family decided to go on the road they engaged Harry and me, who furnished

the orchestra, besides taking any part for which we might be cast by Mrs. Chapman, who managed the stage. Mrs. Chapman was a most remarkable woman. Her delineation of character could not be surpassed. Her make-up and acting, as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, was admirable, and when told of her age and the fact that she was the mother of twenty-two children, it was an astonishment.

THE CHAPMAN FAMILY THROUGH MUD AND RAIN ON THE COWLITZ RIVER.

We traveled most of the way from Portland to Puget Sound in dead ox wagon, over corduroy roads, through mud and rain, scarcely making expenses, until our arrival in Olympia, where we remained and performed for something over four months, including Seattle, Port Townsend, Stillicum, Tacoma, British Columbia and Victoria.

In Olympia I became acquainted with Mr. Crow. He was a nice man, but of very nervous temperament, and through some misunderstanding, he and a stranger, whose name I have forgotten, had arranged to fight a duel. The stranger came and asked if I would be his second. "Certainly," I replied, looking upon it as a joke. An hour later, Crow came and asked the same favor.

"I am sorry that I can't do it, as I am engaged on the other side; but Harry will look out for you, if you really mean business." "I certainly do," said Crow. "Very well, we'll have you out at the Court House at daylight." True to my promise, I was up and ready for business at day-break, unaware that the affair had become generally known.

Harry and I worked as quietly as possible, and had our men ready for the coming event. Harry and I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the code, but were there and something must be done; so we arranged that the men were to stand back to back and at the word "Go" each would take ten paces, and at the word, turn, and fire. Upon examining their weapons, we found that Mr. Crow had six shots, while the stranger had but five; therefore we ordered Crow to discharge one. This he did to the evident discomfiture of my man, who said, "See here, Taylor, I don't want to fight this man. We have nothing to fight about." "Well," I replied, "if you refuse to fight according to the code, I must fight for you, or you must make an open apology." This he willingly did, and thus ended this bloodless duel. As Harry and I were returning from the Capitol Building we met several men with the



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AS FINE A SUPPER AS POSSIBLY COULD BE SERVED.

Doctor, who asked if his services were required. "No," we replied, "they are both dead."

BRITISH SOLDIERS CAME RUSHING DOWN TO THE LANDING.

At the time of the dispute between the United States and Great Britain as to the boundary line, when each was claiming San Juan Island, I had been singing a war song at several places around the Sound, and on my arrival at Victoria I met Captain Scranton of the sidewheel steamer *Eliza Anderson*, who offered to take Harry and myself up the Frazier River, to Queensborough, free, if when going in, I would go on the upper deck and with my banjo sing and play that song; he would hoist all the flags he had, and fire as many guns as I wished. All this I agreed to; thirteen being the number of guns required. The plan was carried out to perfection. The whole town, together with a Company of British soldiers, came rushing to the landing. 'Twas like the meeting of old friends, when an explanation was offered.

Harry and I played to a crowded house that night. After the show I was invited and took a drink with a man who, I was satisfied, was ignorant of the fact that he was in bad company. I

whispered to him and convinced him that it was better for him to retire and drink no more. He accepted my advice and retired. We met the next morning on the boat as we had agreed, returning to Victoria. On our arrival I accepted his invitation to take dinner with him. While sitting at the table and waiting for it to be served, I advised him to leave his money with the landlord, who would place it in the safe. This he failed to do, the result being that he went out and lost all. On Sunday morning after breakfast I went out just as the snow began falling, and there, on the corner, I saw the young man crying, with his face battered and bleeding. He evinced a feeling of relief as soon as he saw me and told me his troubles. He had been knocked down and robbed of eleven hundred dollars which he carried in a belt, and he believed it was a policeman who did it. I secured passage for him to San Francisco, as he wanted to go to Horse Town in Shasta County, where his wife was keeping a hotel, and I could come with my Company and stay as long as I wished without paying a cent.

When Seattle was a wilderness, Harry and I called on Mr. Denny, asking him if we could have the dining room, which was a long shed without a floor. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but you

must wait until the men are through with their supper." "Shall I leave some tickets with you, Mr. Denny? Possibly some of the men would like to come who haven't the money and you could charge it up to them." "Yes, you can leave a hundred. I can get more if needed. Thank you."

Tom La Font was with us, and every one was pleased with our entertainments. We had engaged two men with a Plunger, i. e., a boat with a cabin, and bunk and cooking stove. After the show we would go to sleep in the boat and the next morning we would be at another camp or town. Early the next morning after playing at Seattle, I called on Mr. Denny to settle. "How much do I owe you, Mr. Denny?" "What have you had?" he asked. "Well, we've had three pounds of nails, five pounds of candles, a pan of beans, two loaves of bread and the use of the dining room." "Oh, that's all right, Taylor, here's a hundred dollars for the tickets that you left with me. We are glad to have you come around, as the men have no amusement."

I made a practice of buying the provisions, but upon one occasion, when each one of us had gone out separately, I came on board with some green onions. Soon after, Harry came with two bunches of green onions, as he was fond of them.

"I saw some green onions," said La Font, "and I got a couple of bunches." "Well, boys," said Newman, "I've a treat for you." "What is it, Alex?" we asked. "Some nice green onions!"

Alexander Newman, our boatman, I would often leave at the door when we were preparing to give the show, telling him to take the money, and giving him such change as might be required. I was satisfied he was strictly honest.

At Port Gamble we opened the new hall to a full house. After the performance, Newman discovered that he was twenty dollars short. He was feeling very bad about it, but he said, "I will make it good, if you think I ought to." "It is all right, Alex," I replied, "but you must be more careful; twenty dollars is too much to lose." Harry and La Font thought Alex should make it good. "All right," I replied, "I'll make it good," and I did so, "for I know he is honest, and I would stake my existence on it."

Three months later, on our return, a gentleman asked if I had missed anything when I was there last. "No," I replied, "I can think of nothing." "Well, when you was here last, I took two ladies to the show and handed the man at the door a five dollar piece, and the next morning after you had left I discovered a twenty dollar

piece that did not belong to me, and it must be yours."

NEWMAN'S SECRET.

Newman had discovered how I had stood up for him and came to me with a secret which he said I must know. "What is it, Alex?" "I can't tell you here." He came to my room and said, "There is a treasure buried in Alexandria, Egypt, and I am the only living man who knows and can go to the place." "Why don't you go and get it?" "I tried once for two years, and finally got there. I was second mate of a ship and wanted to be left there. I dare not desert in that country, but I disobeyed orders thinking I would be discharged and left there; instead, they put me in irons and kept me there, until the ship was well at sea." "How did you come to know about the treasure?" "I was in Liverpool, second mate of a clipper ship bound for New York. In the morning of the day that we were to sail, a Frenchman came on board who wished to secure passage to New York. He had but little money, but was willing to work if the Captain would take him along, in reply the Captain said, 'if you will ship as steward I can take you; I have no license to carry passengers.'

This he accepted, and came on board with a satchel which contained his entire outfit. He was a slim, delicate looking fellow with hands like a girl's. I was satisfied at first sight that he was consumptive. He was given a room joining the officers' quarters on deck. He tried to work but he was a sick man. In four days he was taken down and remained in his bunk until our arrival in New York. He was a very manly fellow and had the respect and sympathy of all on board. I did all I could, in my way, for his comfort and on our arrival at New York, he was taken to the hospital. I got my discharge and was paid off and I would go once or twice a week to see him. I could see he was failing. When the Doctor told him he had but a few days to live, he sent at once for me. I went and was told the following: 'I am a Parisian. I was born and raised in affluence, my father being wealthy. I was at college when word was sent that my father was dying. I hurried to my home. It was true. "My son," he said, "I am about to pass away. I have nothing to leave you but this (handing me a chart, showing and giving directions how to find the hidden treasure). I am supposed to be rich, but I am not. Your grandfather left some money which I have used for your education. He left me this home which is

mortgaged for more than its value. Take this, and by being cautious you will find enough to make you rich." I asked my father how he got his information. "I was one of six who buried it," he said. "I was on board a privateer and we were chased into Alexandria by a British man of war. We buried the chest containing the treasure and I was the only one who escaped. The others were shot by those in pursuit."

"'Now, Mr. Newman, I have nothing but this to give in payment for all the kindness you have shown me. I have no relatives and I want you to go and get the money. It is yours by right, for you have been very kind to me.'

"Mr. Taylor, that is the whole story. I am an old man now, you are young and can go anywhere and do as you please. You go and get it. It's there waiting for you." I took the chart and engaged passage on a Danish ship for New Zealand. Newman came to see me off and say good-bye. I had not been two days at sea before I would have been pleased to be landed most any place. The Captain was a growly, selfish old man. The ship was filthy and it was with difficulty that I could eat what was set before me. He had a lady passenger. The first morning at sea, for breakfast, two boiled eggs were set at his plate; none for the lady, none for Tay-

lor. I said nothing. The thing being repeated the next morning, I passed the dish to the lady, saying, "Have one."

She took one, I took the other. The mate had none. No more eggs were seen. On arriving at Honolulu the Captain asked if I would like to go on shore. "No; I believe not" (I did not care to go with him). After he had left to go on shore in his boat, some natives who remembered me, came out in boats, and saluted me with Aloha, Aloha, Nue. I felt so good to know that I was remembered, that I packed my trunk and went ashore. My fare was paid, but I knew when I had enough.

Newman gave me his address. Alexander Newman, Foreman, Peas & Murphy's Foundry, N. Y. In 1865 I called at Peas & Murphy's Foundry but he was not there, as it was noon and he had gone to dinner. In 1885 I enquired for Newman and was told he had been dead for fifteen years.

STREET PARADE IN HONOLULU.

After remaining several months in Honolulu, I received an invitation from Dr. Kaufman to join in the festivities of the German Turners' Club, and he added, "If you will bring your banjo we



WALKED FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SACRAMENTO
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will pay you Ten Dollars." I accepted the offer and enjoyed the sport. About the time for closing, three cheers were given for Joe Taylor, and the promise that the club would patronize me when I gave my next entertainment. I struck the iron while it was hot, by saying, "I shall give a show next Saturday night." "All right," said Kaufman, who was a druggist, "leave some tickets at my store." I did so; one hundred, at a Dollar each, were sold by the Doctor. I had already given two shows by myself, therefore I must have some extra attraction. Mr. Wilkerson, a tonsorial artist, was playing the flute, as I was passing by. I listened and then went in and introduced myself, stating that I was to give an entertainment on the coming Saturday night, at Nuenna Hall, and asked him if he would assist me. "What can I do?" he asked. "Play a flute solo," and as I had noticed a guitar hanging on the wall, I took it down and said, "I will accompany you." He played and I complimented him. He volunteered his services and I decided to have a street parade. I engaged George, a well-known old colored man who played the Clarionet, and a Kanaka boy who played the drum. They had a cart covered with a white sheeting, which they used as a band wagon. Then I had twenty transparencies

painted and carried by as many native boys, through the streets to the hall where my receipts were something over Two Hundred Dollars. I made a very pretty speech by introducing Mr. Wilkerson as being known as a performer of celebrity the world over. He played and received an encore, which rattled him. "I can't play any more. That is the only tune I can play." "Go on and play it over," and he did so. Four days later, on meeting George, I asked, "Well, George, how much do I owe you?" "You don't owe me nothing, Mr. Taylor. I'm a Lincoln man."

In Honolulu on the road to Diamond Head stood a house which was said to be haunted. I found the owner, Mr. Williams, and asked if I could go and stay there one night. "Yes, you can, but people say it's haunted." "That's why I want to go and see and hear for myself." "It's partially furnished and there's a loaded rifle upstairs." Mr. Wood, a butcher with whom I was boarding, volunteered to come and bring lunch at about twelve o'clock. He came and after thirty minutes or more three knocks came on the window, with enough force apparently to smash in the side of the house. Wood was on my neck in a second. "Let me out quick." I did so. He went home and reported to his wife that Joe

Taylor was dead. I believe that Wood was the worst frightened man I ever saw. I heard nothing more.

THE "YANKEE" IN A GALE.

Coming up from the Islands with the new and ambitious commander, we had a close call in crossing the bar at the Golden Gate. There had been a heavy gale for several days from the west, and a fleet of small craft were waiting outside for a chance to run in. The *Yankee*, the boat we were on, among the rest would run in as near as it dared, then put about and go to sea. The Captain being young and ambitious, decided to chance it. He did so, to our great discomfiture, for a sea broke over the stern, pressing the two men against, and doubling the wheel up like a knife, breaking one man's ribs, staving in, and filling the cabin with water, driving everyone on deck. I ran into the after-rigging for safety, but found the Captain had gone much higher on the other side. A Sailor on the monkey rail grabbed and saved a Chinaman, who was being washed overboard, who said, after catching his breath, "No good." The ship was swinging into the trough of the sea, and the next breaker would catch us broad-side, and all would

have been lost, were it not that Mr. Kelly, a sailor, who was a passenger on his return home, jumped to and cleared the broken wheel thereby saving the ship and the lives of all on board.

On my return to San Francisco I was engaged to go out with the Hanlon Brothers. Charlie Backus, Sam Wells, Joe Murphy, whose real name I understand was William and who later made a fortune out of the *Kerry Gow*, and myself to make up the show. I had a war song, something about the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. Murphy wanted it. As I had not yet forgotten the price I paid for the Opening Chorus, I said, "You can have it, Murphy, for \$2.50." This he paid. The first night we played, I went on and did my stunt and for an encore I sang the "Monitor and Merrimac." When I came off, Murphy claimed that I had sung his song. "It is mine," he said. "I paid you for it." "True," I replied, "and I paid you for the Opening Chorus which you have been singing ever since I bought it from you." The Hanlon Bros. met with great success during their time and they eventually turned to the Catholic Church orders. There were four of the family: William, Thomas, Alfred and I believe George. In 1871 I met them in London. They were performing

at the Alhambra Palace. A few months later I saw them in Lisbon. They were great performers.

I was engaged at Gilbert's Melodeon, Corner of Clay & Kearny Streets. This engagement was for six weeks during which I was to have a benefit and as usual on such occasions, many of the performers volunteered their services. I was busy distributing and selling tickets, when I met John Partington. "Hello, John, how are you? Will you take a ticket for my benefit?" "Will I take a ticket? Yes, give me Twenty Dollars' worth." "Hold on, John, don't take them all. I want some for the rest of my friends." "Never mind, Joe, I have not forgotten what you did for me." He took Twenty Dollars' worth and then went to the Hall and secured both of the private boxes. John was owner of a wood and coal yard, and was doing well.

YANK MAKING HIS EXIT WHILE BEING SHOT AT.

I was performing at Maguire's Opera House on Washington St., when C. C. Keene engaged me to go out with the Metropolitan Minstrels. This was a joint Stock Company made up of the following well known performers: Lotta Crab-

tree and her mother, C. C. Keene, Harry Taylor, Tom La Font and others. While on the road, as we were passing Yanks, a well known place in the mountains, where a large number of teamsters could be seen at any time, they asked us to stop over and give a show. As it was late in the afternoon, we decided to do so. Yank offered the use of the dining room and we gave the show. Just before we opened the doors, a young man drove up on horse-back, jumped off, threw the reins over a post and came in. "Hello, Yank, how are you? Have a drink?" "No, thank you." "You won't, hey?" He drew a pistol and took a shot at Yank but missed, the bullet striking one of the shelves behind the bar. Yank made his escape and I have never seen him since.

While with the Lone Star Minstrels we heard of a Neck Tie Party that was to be given at Coloma on a certain date, which we resolved, if possible, to make, as there would surely be many people in town. The manager secured the Theatre and sent printing. Being a long distance away we were obliged to travel all the night before, in order to make it. The gentlemen who were the principal attraction or we may say, The Star Performers, better still, The

Top Liners, were Mickey Free and Crane, both sentenced and executed for murder. On our way we were about to pass a large hall where a dance was going on. We were invited to come in and have supper. We thanked them but asked to be excused, as we were in a hurry to get through to Coloma. A lunch was brought out to us, a roast suckling pig being one of the many good things offered. We were there at Coloma on time and performed to a packed house. The attraction which drew so many people to town was nothing compared to that of the Hethering & Brace Show, who were executed by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. While at Coloma we saw the first piece of gold found by Marshall.

Bill Nixon had taken a lease of the Forrest Theatre, Sacramento. Harry and I received, and accepted an offer, to open with a big Company, Sam Wells being engaged as Stage manager. This Company included the best available talent on the coast at that time. John Woodard, Fanny Hanks, Harry Brown, Fanny Brown, La-Font, Rhodes, Rattler, and several specialty artists. Julia Pelby was especially engaged to play Pocahontas.

THE WOULD-BE ACTOR RECEIVED BY TWO BRAVES.

Wells and I were staying at the Golden Eagle, when a stage struck individual came to our room at day-break, and applied for a situation to act. It was evident that some of the Company had put him up to this. "We'll give you a chance," said Wells; "come to the Theatre at 10:30, when we will have a rehearsal." He came and was placed on a trap where he was to recite. He was suddenly, and without warning lowered through the stage, where two Indian Braves with war clubs, red fire and Indian yelps gave him such a warm and realistic reception that he made a hasty exit and never returned.

Our engagement lasted until the flood came, and washed us out. I was next engaged to go down the coast with Joseph Pickering. At Santa Cruz we disbanded and Pickering disappeared.

While in Eureka, Humboldt County, I made the acquaintance of Rev. Millard. This gentleman's doctrine, as he termed it, was Reformed Israel. I had told him of the hidden treasure in Alexandria, and he asked if he could find a party to furnish the money to go and get it, if I would be willing to accept one-third of the amount found; he and the other party to take the



PLACED ON THE STAGE A BUCKSKIN PURSE CONTAINING
EIGHTY DOLLARS

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other two-thirds. This I willingly agreed to do. A Capitalist of prominence, Mr. —, furnished the money and Millard went to Alexandria. After a few months I received a letter from him, in which he described the pleasure of the voyage, and concluded by saying that if I would give him the location of the treasure he would get it and send my share to me by express. To me, it seemed strange. The day I received his letter, I also received an invitation to dinner at the moneyed man's house. He had also received a letter from Millard.

LOTTA.

While traveling with Backus minstrels in 1856 or 7, we were in Shasta, when Lotta, who had been traveling with Mart Taylor, met us, and Mrs. Crabtree asked us if we would be pleased to have Lotta go on, and sing Topsy's song. Knowing Mrs. Crabtree very well, I asked if Lotta would black up, saying, "I believe by so doing, her act would take much better." Mrs. Crabtree laughed at the thought and finally consented that I should black Lotta's face, and I did so. This proved a great success for she was compelled to respond to several encores, each time filling her slipper with money which was

being showered on the stage. From this time Lotta sprang into prominence. She was an amiable, lovely and an ambitious child, who became the pet and pride of California. I am reminded whenever I pass the Fountain, of little Lotta as she was in early days.

After six weeks closing, Gilbert's Melodeon reopened with a new company at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets over what was then known as the Old Post-Office and the best available talent was secured; the result being a brilliant success from the start. Among the noted performers who appeared, were Madam Biscasianty, Lotta, the Worrell Sisters, Sam Wells, John Woodard, Backus Murphy, Hussey, and Benard. While in conversation with Bernard he said, "In about ten minutes a man will drive up here in a double rig. You get in and don't say a word." He came, and I did as I was directed.

The gentleman then drove to Washington and Montgomery Streets where Backus and Benard got in and we were driven to the Seal Rock House, where we were served with a Forty-eight Dollar dinner, after which the gentleman engaged the party with some others. Among them was Dave Bush, whose stage name was Frank Wood. We were engaged for two weeks, while Gilbert's was closed for repairs. While out, we

received a request, or invitation to come and perform at the Quick Silver Mines, as the Superintendent was to be married. We went and performed and were banqueted at a large hall near the works, where we remained until 2 A. M., when to our astonishment we were taken to the home of the bride, where the wedding supper awaited us.

JACK AND THE GENTLEMAN IN A RUNNING FIGHT.

While engaged at Virginia City, Nevada, a gentleman by the name of Jack McNab, who by the way, will be remembered by many of the old timers who may chance to read this, as being a model of perfection in gentleness. In fact, I never heard of his being in more than eight or ten gun fights. One night while I was on the stage, Jack came in and took a front seat, about the time I had finished my stunt. Jack and another inoffensive individual had a slight misunderstanding. One was armed with a revolver, the other having a knife that any gentlemanly Land Pirate would be proud to flourish. It so happens that I know all about the knife, as one of these law-abiding citizens in his struggle for supremacy, in rushing across the stage and through a door in

my dressing room, dropped the knife in my trunk, which stood near. This knife I kept until 1865. I will endeavor to explain the real value of the knife later on.

After concluding my engagement I took passage to Sacramento, on a stage with part of a disbanded Dramatic Company, who were working their way East. They had a band, and the bass drum was strapped on top of the baggage behind. They were leading, hitched to the drum, a two-year-old colt, which broke loose. The sight of that colt going down the mountain side with the drum coming on bumperty-bump behind was a very funny sight. I had one of the best laughs of my life over it.

OUR FIRST VISIT TO SHANGHAI.

Soon after the firing on Sumter, a Company, not of soldiers, but of minstrels, was made up to go to China, having heard such glowing accounts of that country through Oscar Lewis, who had just returned from Shanghai, where he had opened a hotel, and was here for stores, billiard tables, and fixtures. Beside our Company there were several sporting men who resolved to secure passage on the clipper ship: *Kingfisher*, Captain Freeman.

Andy Daniles and wife, Dan Lynch, Mons Carrier, Harry Eaton, Charley Dexter and son, Dick Burk, and others, who had secured their berths before our Company, which was known as Backus' Minstrels, had fully determined to make the venture; consequently, when we were ready to put up our money, \$125.00 each, we found that all the rooms in the cabin were taken, and a room for us was fitted up 'tween decks. This just suited our party, which consisted of Charlie Backus, Frank Hussey, W. H. Smith, W. D. Corrister, George Coes and myself. This would afford us an opportunity to rehearse and be well up in several changes of programme. On the day of sailing, the wives and girls of the members, myself excepted, were there to bid us good-bye and between sobs and tears, each exacted from me a promise that I would look out for Charlie, take care of Frank, etc., etc. "Certainly, with pleasure," I replied, "but who is going to look out and take care of me?"

Probably no sailing vessel ever went to sea, better equipped for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers and crew than the *Kingfisher*. She carried two cows and two goats, together with pigs and poultry in abundance. Wines, liquors and cigars were distributed as free as water among the passengers, twenty-two in number;

Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Daniels being the only ladies. After a few days' seasickness, our party began pulling themselves together and maturing plans for coming events. We were now nearing Honolulu, and we asked Captain Freeman if he would run in, and remain over a day, which would give us time to bill the town and give a show. This he would do for \$350.00, which we paid, not, however, without some reluctance, as the others were as anxious to go on shore as we were, but would not agree to pay their share, as they claimed that with us it was a business proposition. We billed the town and sent tickets to King Kamehameha V and the royal family, who honored us by their presence and occupied the King's stage box. The Theatre was well filled. We had taken our places in the usual circle and had played the overture and sang the opening chorus when the rain began coming down in torrents, so that before the final act we were scattered around all over the stage in order to avoid the streams of water which were dripping through the leaky roof.

What with the price we paid for the stop-over, our rent of the Theatre and other incidental expenses, we came out just about even, still we were satisfied, as the monotony had been broken, at least for the time being. We were all more or

less anxious to hear the war news, and we found, after being at sea for a few weeks, and becoming better acquainted, that we were about equally divided in our sentiments and views, as to the result of the war, and what had led up to it, and what would be the final result. Our conversations began in a friendly tone with an occasional joke, now and then possibly interspersed with a few sharp retorts accompanied with flashes of the eye, which, to a close observer, indicated brooding storms. For awhile this continued, the argument becoming more animated, no attempt being made to conceal suppressed emotions. Loud talk, and threatening gestures succeeded, and had it not been for the Captain's good advice and his soothing and friendly way of bringing about a reconciliation, there would surely have been riotous times.

No arms were displayed, no roped arena or any other preparation for real trouble; just the young blood of thoughtless fellows who, like Killenny cats, would fight just to fight. There was in our Company one man whose cowardice was well known, and as we made no secret of it, any one of the passengers or officers, including the Captain, were ready and willing at any time to have a little fun at his expense. When we were sailing along the coast of Japan, we could see

the lights of the fishing boats, of which there were a great number. Someone started the report that they were pirates, and by order of the Captain we immediately commenced to prepare for the fight of our lives, by bringing out weapons of all kinds and description, that could be found among the passengers or the sailors in the forecabin: guns, pistols, sheath knives, marlin-pikes, and one mounted cannon. Not a smile could be seen on any face, but clinched fists, set jaws and frightful mutterings of vengeance and slaughter was seen and heard on all sides. "If I had known this," the victim said, "I would never have come." Then asking someone, "What's to be done?" was told: "We must stand up and fight like men, and if we must, we will die like heroes."

We must agree that what I said in the beginning, that "all men are born for a purpose" is true, without a doubt, in this particular case; for this man, through his cowardice and watchfulness, saved the ship from being wrecked, when all would have been lost. While we were calmly sleeping, during a thick fog, we drifted thirty miles or more from the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang River to an island which was held by pirates. Our man, who was constantly on the watch, made the discovery and gave the



I ASSISTED HIM IN MAKING HIS EXIT WITH THE
TOE OF MY BOOT (Page 36)

alarm, that we were two hundred yards from the lea shore. All hands were aroused. Everybody on deck, including Mrs. Freeman, the Captain's wife, who appeared in male attire, leaving her little baby girl in the cabin. Everything was confusion until the Captain came on deck. After taking in the situation for a minute or more, he calmly began to give orders, plainly understood by every one. They were so distinct and spoken with such firmness, that it appeared that even the ship understood what was required, for she sailed away from the perilous situation as gracefully as a pilot boat or an airship could have done. Then the Captain gave orders to splice the main brace, or in other words "Hot Grog" for everybody. Three cheers were given by the sailors for Mrs. Daniels, after she had served them their portion. During the excitement, while dressing, Backus pulled on one of Smith's boots, which was two sizes smaller than Backus wore.

We had on board, Ninety Thousand Mexican Dollars. This, I learned soon after leaving Honolulu, when an old salt expressed a wish that the ship would strike a rock. Had we struck, not a soul would have been saved, even had we succeeded in gaining the shore, as the pirates who had destroyed the light-house, would have mur-

dered every one of us, as they had done on similar occasions with other people. These Mexican Dollars were valued at one thirty in China, while in San Francisco they were eighty-five cents.

Joseph Pickering, whom I had not seen since our parting at Santa Cruz, was located at Honolulu, where he was engaged in the making of ice-cream, with which he had contracted to supply several hotels and many private families.

The following day after our close call we were taken in by the pilot, who told of a battle which had been fought in sight of Shanghai the day before, in which General Ward was killed. General Ward had gone to China as a sailor before the mast on a clipper ship, and by his energy and slight knowledge of military tactics, had become Commander-in-chief of the Chinese Imperial Army. I became quite well acquainted with General Forrester, who was second in command, who said, in my presence: "Ward was a fool for going to that fight, he had a fortune and should have gone home and enjoyed it, as I am going to do with mine. I have plenty."

On the day of our arrival at Shanghai, there was some excitement, as an attack on the city was expected to be made by the rebels; therefore it would be useless for us to attempt to do any-

thing in the way of show business, but while making inquiries, we found there was but one theatre in Shanghai, that being Chinese, and as one of their three or four months' plays was going on, we must secure some suitable place for our entertainment.

Finally, after a week's delay, through the efforts of Oscar Lewis, a place was secured, that was being used as a billiard and bar-room, but much too small for our purposes. 'Twas the best we could do and we willingly accepted, as the terms were most liberal. We were to have the use of the room, free; the proprietor to remove his six tables and to open his bar-room next door—this had no connection with the hall. During the time we were preparing the hall with stage, seats, etc., I became quite well acquainted with General Gordon, he being known as Chinese Gordon. He said to me: "When you are ready to commence your performance, put your tickets up at auction, you will do well." I immediately reported to the Company what had been said. They would not listen to any such proposition; the fact was, they had not the courage; therefore we were heavy losers, for, at that time, dollars were as cheap as doughnuts and we would have taken in ten thousand or more, on our opening night, as there

was a feeling of great rivalry among the different nationalities as to who were the real leaders of society; and instead of taking four dollars for reserved seats, all being taken and amounting to nine hundred and sixty-four dollars, we could have taken ten thousand, as stated. American twenty-dollar gold pieces were valued at sixteen dollars. Corrister was making a business of gathering them in, and it paid him well. I bought checks on the Bank of England, and was allowed a premium, and on being cashed at San Francisco, I received another. Smithy, one of our party, left his new shirts on the stand in our room. They had just been laundered and looked pretty nice, until the rats, which were fed and fattened in and about the hotel, ran over them and left their foot prints very plainly.

SMITH AFTER THE RATS WITH HOT WATER.

Smith and I had a large room, with two double beds. The price for board and fire in our room was twelve dollars a day. One night after the show, we came in and found the rats were having a jubilee. There were a great number, and, as we entered, they ran into the casing around the large fire place. We took some loose bricks that we found and stopped the hole where

they ran in. The bed posts were very high, having hooks placed on the inside, intended for hanging our clothes, the whole being covered with mosquito netting. After corralling the rats, Smith went into the kitchen and returned with a large bucket filled with boiling water. He then raised the mantel and pouring in the water, the rats came out in streams and ran in every direction, several going in our beds. They were soon dislodged and all was quiet. After my bath and a shave in the morning, which took at least thirty minutes or more, when putting on my coat, out jumped a rat that had evidently been in the sleeve all night.

One morning, as I was dressing, there was quite a commotion just in front and very close to my window. On looking out, I saw a Chinaman tied up by his thumbs, and being whipped with a switch of bamboo. Upon inquiry, I found this was a punishment for stealing. Should a man catch one stealing, and give him up to the officers, he (the officer) asks the man if he wants the culprit whipped, or sent inside the wall. One of tender heart and forgiving nature would say, "Send him inside the wall." That means Good-bye, John, for when they have a stated number, they are beheaded; therefore it would be a case of misplaced sympathy.

At the close of my engagement at Nevada City, California, Eli Booth, whose friendship toward me was unmistakable, and not to be denied, wanted me to accept a knife as a present. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, but as I was not on the warpath, I had no use for a scalping-knife; I could not accept it, but I added: "If you really wish to make me a present, I should like to have that pipe you are smoking," whereupon he took the long cherry-wood stem out, and threw it in the stove. "Take it," he said. "What did you throw the stem away for? Is it not yours?" "Yes, it was mine, but now it is yours." As I had taken my seat in the stage bound for Sacramento, he said, "I have ninety-six lottery tickets; take one." "You'd better not give it to me; I'm sure to win." "I hope you will," was his reply. I thought no more of it, until two weeks later I received an express package containing a thirty-dollar ring.

Before leaving Shanghai a young man, whom I had often seen around the engine-house and corner grocery in San Francisco, and whose general appearance did not indicate much wealth, surprised me by handing out fifty dollars for the pipe, which was given me by Booth. This I refused.

IN HONG KONG.

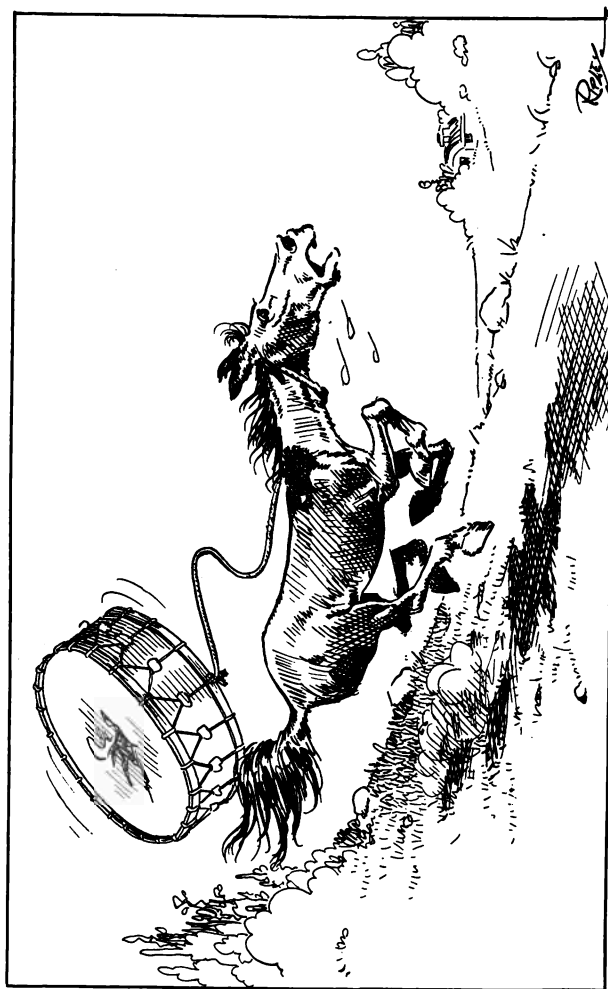
The day before our departure for Hong Kong, Oscar Lewis offered me three hundred dollars a month and expenses to remain and take charge of his billiard room. "Thank you, Oscar, but I can't do that, as I am a member of the Company, and I must stay by them." He assured me that they were all going back to San Francisco from Hong Kong. "If that is true, I will accept your offer." I went before the Company at once to ascertain what their plans really were. They assured me that they intended carrying out their original plan and go through India, and the Suez Canal to England. I returned to Oscar and reported what I supposed to be a fact. We took passage for Hong Kong on the P. & O. steamer *Clan Alpine*, and arrived six days later. Here, as in Shanghai, we found that there was but one theatre. This was owned and held by the Hong Kong Dramatic Club, who positively refused to allow us to perform there; so we procured and opened the St. Andrew's School room, where we played several nights, until the papers came out and burned up the dramatic troupe for the shabby way in which they treated us strangers. So it turned out much better than we had anticipated, for, from that time on, we had the

use of the theatre free, our only expense being the lighting. The highest price we could get here was two dollars. After two weeks' performing, during which the three days' racing was on, and taking in Canton, Carloon, and Macow, I was quite surprised when told by Smith, who was a self-appointed manager, that he had engaged passage to San Francisco for the Company, on the English ship *Boenerges*. I was quite indignant and asked him who authorized him to secure my passage.

On going to the bubbling wells, five miles out from Shanghai, we met a Chinaman who was wheeling a barrow, on which were two passengers, a lady and a pig, the latter being carried as ballast, so we were told.

During our stay in Hong Kong, I had gathered quite a collection of curios, that were in the tray of my trunk; a camphor trunk made to order. Four young men from Boston, who had patronized us in Shanghai, came and made my acquaintance.

They were making a tour of the world. They had heard that I had some fine curios, and they wanted to buy some of them. I told the young men they were not for sale but invited them to my room to look over the collection. I set the tray containing all there were of them,



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THAT COLT GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

on a large table. "Take them out and look at them if you wish." They began picking them out, each one to his taste; when they had taken as many out as they were satisfied with, they asked, "How much do you want for these?" "They are not for sale; but take them if you want them. I bought them to present to my friends, and you appear to be pretty good fellows, so take any that you want, except the cane head, the Greek Slave;" it was a beautiful piece of work. "We don't want them, if you won't take any pay." "Very well, put them back." They wanted them, and they finally decided to take about \$250.00 worth.

One morning, at breakfast, I was invited to go and see twelve Chinamen beheaded. "Not for me," was my reply. "I could not think of such a thing." Three of the party went and saw the tragedy, and reported that the twelve men were placed in line with their hands tied behind them, their heads bowed, while the executioner, with a sword said to be hollow and having quick-silver inside, so that a much heavier and surer blow could be struck, severed each head with one blow. The culprits while expecting their turn to be decapitated would laugh at the grimaces on the faces of the heads, lying on the ground, of those who had gone before.

The ship *Boenerges* was about ready to sail. The clerk at the hotel wanted my pipe, "and I am going to have it," was his ultimatum. "I'll have it, if I have to steal it." Not many days after he invited me to his room, as he had something to show me, which I found to be a fine fur coat, two hand-made linen shirts, ten dollars, and a pipe, equally as fine as mine, the coat being valued at \$80.00. "I want that pipe," he said. "Here it is, take it," I said, and he did.

TWO SHIPS IN COLLISION.

We were told that on the first of April the ship, *Boenerges*, which was to take us home, would sail for San Francisco. We, as usual, advertised our farewell entertainment. "We sail on the first of April," I said to the hotel clerk, who had captured my pipe; "and on the fifth is my birthday." "Is that so? Well, here is a bottle of wine; take it to drink on your birthday in remembrance of me." "Thank you," was my reply; "but I would rather be here, that we could drink together." "Well, you may be; who knows?" Everything being in readiness, however, we bade good-bye, and I sailed early on the first.

Wind and tide being in our favor, all looked for a pleasant passage to San Francisco. On the morning of April the third, in broad daylight, the English bark *Anglo Indian*, in an attempt to cross our bow, collided with the *Boenerges*, and there we were for nearly an hour entangled by the rigging and smashing to pieces. Finally, after the escape from each other's grasp, the *Anglo Indian* sailed away for Singapore, very much disabled, as we could see through her deck into the hold. We were about as badly battered, as our bowsprit was gone, while with the rigging entangled and the sails torn to shreds, it was a pitiable sight to behold. On our arrival at Hong Kong, we were congratulated on our safe return. During the most exciting part of this ship fight, Frank Hussey said to me: "I believe we are going to —— this time." "It looks like it," was my reply, "but we are only going to Hong Kong." This affair gave the people of Hong Kong an opportunity which they embraced, to show their good feeling and appreciation of their Yankee cousins, by giving us a farewell benefit. This was gotten up and managed by the citizens; we had nothing to do with it, except to give the entertainment. Our only expense was sixteen dollars for lighting the theatre. The receipts were six hundred and

sixteen dollars, and as there were six in the party, we each received one hundred dollars. I demanded my money back from the Captain of the *Boenerges*, which he refused to return, and I positively refused to venture another trial with him at sea, for there was not the least excuse that either of those men could offer for endangering the lives of those who had risked them. It was nothing but a case of bull-headed stubbornness.

Here we were safely back in Hong Kong, and on my birthday I opened the wine and drank with the one who presented it. Backus, Hussey, Corrister, and Coes remained in Hong Kong until the ship was repaired and ready for sailing. Hussey and I took passage on the P. & O. steamer, *Clan Alpine*, for Singapore.

I shall never forget the storm we had while going through the Straits of Malacca. I am not a descriptive writer, therefore, I can only say there was a storm with some lightning, an abundance of thunder, and a great number of frightened people, including the Captain, engineers, firemen and coal passers, besides several thousand water snakes which appeared the next morning.

On our arrival at Singapore, we took a gerry—closed carriage—drawn by a span of ponies, to

the Hotel Esperance, where we remained but a few days, as the expense was greater than we could stand, there being no income. We engaged the town hall and advertised to give an entertainment at which the Governor would honor us with his presence. And although the Governor had but one leg, he was there and laughed as heartily, and applauded as vociferously, as any of those present.

A COCKTAIL IN SINGAPORE.

It was but a short time before Hussey began to show signs of homesickness, and tried to persuade me to return to Hong Kong, and from there take passage to California. "No," I replied, "I'm going to remain here for awhile." "What shall I tell your friends in San Francisco?" "Oh, tell them I'm running a hotel." This I said in part as a joke, for 'twas but yesterday, while sitting in a quiet and quite secluded corner, a Danish Captain came in and called for a drink. I heard the landlord, who is German, and a fine little man, say: "Don't you want a cocktail? There is an American gentleman staying here, and he will make some for us." Thereupon I came in sight and volunteered my services. The Captain said, "It's fine, let's have

another." The Captain, the landlord, and his wife, and I, had another and another. The landlord enjoyed it greatly, the price being one dollar a round. He was having what might be termed as an all around good time, and on the strength of this the proprietor and owner of the Hamburg Hotel offered me one half interest in the business, provided I would promise to remain two years. This very liberal offer I could not accept, as I was waiting for Dick Risley, who, with his circus, was in Manila. He was expected to be in Singapore in a few weeks, and I was to be engaged to appear as Black Clown. Risley never arrived, as it was but a few weeks later when an earthquake came and almost entirely destroyed his outfit.

Mentioning circus, reminds me of what was told to Hussey and myself while at the Esperance Hotel. We occupied the room in which Jim Hernandez, who was one of the two greatest circus riders in the world, the other being Jim Robinson, both being protégés of old John Robinson, fell out of bed and broke his neck.

EARLY MORNING SHAVE WHILE IN BED.

"What is that?" I asked, when seeing one of the natives who are designated Clings, going out

with a leather strap over his shoulder, that held a box much like those used by traveling boot-blacks. "That is the barber." "Does he come here to shave you?" "Yes." "How often does he come?" "As often as you wish." "Send him to my room in the morning." I had quite forgotten the order, but the barber hadn't, for he was there and had my face lathered before I was awake,—when, as soon as I realized what was going on, I bolstered myself into a comfortable position, and gave orders to proceed, which he did to my entire satisfaction. He used a very small razor, the exact shape of a butcher's cleaver, and he handled it so delicately that I was uncertain whether my beard was being cut or there was more lather being spread. Then came the work around my eyes, the nose, the ears, manicure, osteopathic, chiropractic, and other treatments, calculated to give one renewed health and strength. For this I paid ten cents, and the gentleman went away apparently well satisfied.

One day a Frenchman, fine looking, well-dressed and having plenty of money, came to the Hotel and introduced himself by offering to hire me. "What do you want me to do?" "Play the piano," was his reply. "But I can't play the piano." "I can teach you to play in two weeks

my accompaniments. I am a violinist." "Where are you going to play?" "In Siam," he replied. "I will see you later, and in the meantime, I will think it over." That evening, I went for a walk, and more especially to weigh the proposition offered by the Frenchman. When about to pass a cosy place where the grounds were tastefully arranged with tables and chairs in shady nooks, I thought I heard the English language being spoken. As I was not quite sure, I went in and found the place to be the headquarters and general meeting place of sea captains of all nationalities. They were about to take a drink, the glasses being filled as I entered. "Will you join us in a drink?" was the plain English which I heard and understood. "Yes, thank you." "Take a cigar," that was what they heard as I passed the box around.

Captain Louie Meyer, of Hamburg, Commander of the bark *Graf Eulenburg*, said he would like to speak to me, as he led the way to a secluded place. "Are you going with that Frenchman?" was the straight question put. "He has been talking to me about it." "Well, don't you do it. He's a — rascal, but you come and go with me." "Where are you going?" "I am going to Hong Kong. My ship



**MINSTRELS PLAYING BANJO AND SINGING
(THE ROOF WAS LEAKING)**

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is in the stream and we weigh anchor at four o'clock to go with the tide."

Like a flash, there appeared to me a feeling of friendship, or, to put it stronger, a feeling of mutual admiration. He was a splendid man, and we were friends for evermore. I accepted his offer, and was on board ship before him. I left the crowd and went to the hotel and called the landlord, and asked for my bill. It was past twelve o'clock, and I must pack my trunk. He got up, and secured a gerry, a small carriage drawn by ponies, and a boatman to take me out to the ship, as there were no wharves. I was on deck waiting for the Captain when he came. "Welcome on board, Mr. Taylor," was his greeting, as he stepped on deck. "Thank you." "Can you stand a trick at the wheel?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Keep her for that point of land." I did so, and after two hours at the wheel, he asked if I wished to be relieved. "Yes, I'm getting hungry; but Captain, that is not the way to Hong Kong." "How do you know?" "Well, I came from there." He then said that we were going to Siam, where he would take in cargo. "All right, Captain, my board is paid, and I can go where you can." It was an uneventful passage from Singapore to Kamput, where we were obliged to anchor

seven miles off shore, owing to shallow water, and the cargo, which consisted principally of pepper and logwood, must be brought out in loachers, flat bottom boats. This was extremely slow. It was nearing the season for typhoons. The Captain and crew were eager to get away.

IN THE TYPHOON. FOREMAST AND BOWSPRIT
GONE.

Kamput is a town or settlement built on what we would call barges, a flat bottom foundation, which rose and fell with the tide. In this place I have seen from ten to thirty natives standing in line, waiting their turn to spend a part of their daily earnings for opium.

On going ashore with the Captain, which I did as often as I wished, I became acquainted with a Catholic priest who was a French missionary. He asked the Captain to bring the crew on shore, and assist in the raising of the Church, which was all ready to be put together. "Very well," said the Captain, "I'll have the men here to-morrow." We went the next day and found everything in readiness, as the priest had promised. In looking over the timber, I noticed many pieces had been broken and spliced. The priest explained it by saying:

"Last year the Church stood on the opposite side of the river, but a typhoon picked it up and dropped it on this side." I no longer wondered why the Captain and officers were so anxious to get away. The priest got up a fine dinner for us, the men being well provided for in another house near by.

After seven weeks of hurry and worry, we left Kamput for Hong Kong. "Captain," I said one day at the dinner table, "I've heard so much of typhoons, I believe I would like to see one."

The Captain looked at me with a seeming doubt of my sincerity. "Possibly you will be accommodated before we reach Hong Kong," and I was. I shall never forget the date. It was July 22, 1862. The next day we discovered that we were many tons short of our original cargo, as the ship had sprung a leak. The Chinamen who had chartered the ship and owned a greater part of the cargo, were only too willing to throw it overboard. Our rudder, jib boom, and fore-topmast were gone. The ship carried a six-pound swivel gun for protection against pirates, of which the seas were full. A nail keg full of 6-pound cannon balls broke loose and killed a fawn which was in the cabin. The Captain complimented me after the storm, thus: "Mr. Taylor, you are the best sailor man on board of my

ship." "Thank you, Captain, but be it understood that I was not working for the ship. My entire interest was in the Taylor family, and I am the family."

We were flying a flag of distress, and were accompanied into port and landed safely. Said the Captain, "You've seen a typhoon, what do you think of it?" "I am perfectly satisfied, and I know when I have enough."

On my arrival in Hong Kong, I went at once to the Oriental Hotel, where I had been when the Company were together. "Are there any ships up for San Francisco?" I asked. "Yes, the *Queen of England* will sail in a few days." I went out at once and met the Captain, who was standing at the gangplank, as I went on board. "Is the Captain on board?" "Yes, sir, I am the Captain." "Have you accommodations for passengers?" "Yes, sir, come in the cabin." "What is the price?" I asked. "Two hundred and fifty dollars, with wine, one seventy-five without wine. Where are you from?" "I am from Siam just now, but I was at Singapore for awhile. I came from San Francisco with the Backus Minstrels." "Is that so? Why, I was in to see you several times while in Shanghai. There was one feature about that show, that pleased me more than all else." "What was that?" "The Tyrolese

singing." "I was the one who did that." "Where are you staying?" he asked. "At the Oriental." "I will come and see you," he said. "Do come and take Tiffin with me." He came the next day, but he was too busy to stop for Tiffin, but asked if I could stand fifty dollars for my fare. "Yes, sir, I think I can." "You had better take your luggage on board at once, and save the expense of four or five dollars a day."

I accepted the offer, and had taken my belongings on board, and on my return to the hotel, I found Captain Meyer in, waiting for me. "Come on," he said, "I have a charter for Hamburg and I want you to go with me." "I don't see how I can do that, Captain, as I have engaged passage on the ship *Queen of England*, and have just taken my baggage on board. We are bound for San Francisco." "You come and go with me, Taylor. My father is rich. I only have one sister, and you shall have her."

While being towed out from the harbor and passing the *Graf Eulenburg*, the Captain was seen waving us good-bye. I believe an equal number of tears were shed, as we parted to meet no more. I think it was in 1908 when Captain Louie Meyer committed suicide in San Francisco, in Golden Gate Park.

Captain Nolan, commander of the ship *Queen*

of England, proved himself to be a fine man and an able seaman. Captain Shelly, a well-known pilot of San Francisco, who had been engaged in his profession at Shanghai for some time, was a fellow passenger. We became friends at once and passed most of our leisure time in playing cribbage. This is a game of little interest unless there is money in sight, so we began playing for one dollar a game and he certainly made it very interesting for me, for two weeks at least, when a sudden change was noticed, either of the moon or an Indian sign.

Three years after our parting, I heard that Captain Nolan had committed suicide in Dublin, Ireland.

RETURN FROM CHINA.

On our way over from China we were followed by a Chinese pirate ship, which came near enough to get a good look at us, and for us to see their stink pots, by going aloft. This was just after leaving Hong Kong. When we reached the open sea there was no further danger, as we outsailed them.

After two weeks at sea the first mate was put in irons for some cause which I never knew, and as it was none of my affairs, I never inquired.

While smoking a cigar and talking to the Captain, the Chinese Interpreter came and said, "Captain, one man very sick." "What's the matter?" The interpreter diagnosed the case, and to any young medical student who is ambitious and will make known his desire to learn more in medical parlance, I will give his diagnosis verbatim.

There were 125 coolies on board. That night at about twelve o'clock an officer knocked at the Captain's door, saying: "Captain Nolan, that Chinaman is dead. What shall we do with him?" "Call the interpreter," was the reply. I became interested and went on deck, where I saw the dead Chinaman lying on the main hatch. "What do you want to do with him?" said the officer to the interpreter. "Shall we throw him over now, or wait until morning?" In reply the Chinaman said, "What for want keep, no good," and over he went.

A deep sea fish was caught and cooked. I think they said it was Grampus. Whatever the name may have been, it was fine eating. As usual, precaution was used against poison by putting a silver piece, a spoon or a dollar, in the dish while cooking. We all ate heartily and enjoyed it, but in half an hour, I felt that Davy Jones had sent word for me to come after the

Chinaman. I was the only one who suffered from the effect of the fish dinner. As in Honolulu, I was the only one in seven to have the Boo-hoo Fever.

On my arrival in San Francisco, and making inquiry for Hussey, I learned that he was sick in bed. I went to his home and found he was much worse than I had expected to find him. One of the first questions he asked, after the customary greeting, was, "Did you get that watch?" "What watch?" I asked. "Do you remember those four fellows to whom you gave the curios in Hong Kong? Well, they bought the finest watch and chain that I ever saw. The watch and chain were inlaid with diamonds. They paid a thousand dollars for it and sent it to you, in care of the Ice Company in Singapore." If the gentlemen who were in charge of the Ice House in Singapore at that time, 1862, could be seen, doubtless the mystery would be solved.

On our opening night of the New Idea, as an encore for my act, I played one or two pieces on a harp; I think it would be called a harp. It was a curious-looking instrument, such as I have never seen before or since,—the shape being much like a coffin with half round top. It had sixteen strings; twelve were wire, two of gut, and two of silver, about like violin G, and each



THE RATS CAME OUT IN STREAMS

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string had a separate bridge. I bought this instrument from a blind Chinaman, who was playing on the street in Hong Kong, on the night before we sailed for San Francisco.

The season was short at the New Idea, owing to counter attractions; many new performers were coming out from the East and were engaged at Gilbert's Melodeon, that was thought to be the best vaudeville show in town, and as the location was central, they had the run. Besides, the performers received double salary on Sunday. At Woodard's Garden, Hayes Park and the Willows, matinée performances were given.

SIX MODEL ARTISTS.

After Smith had given up his lease of the New Idea, Pickering and King took the place, and while preparing to make some alterations, Pat Holland, a well known character, secured the place for a few nights, as he had engaged a great troupe of model artists direct from Paris, said to be the most beautiful formed women in the world. The price of admission was reduced to fifty and seventy-five cents, as Pat said he wanted everybody to see them. Pat was in the ticket office gathering in the shekels while his

right bower, a gentleman who I think was known as Cock-eyed Furry, stood at the door and took tickets. The curtain was very late in going up. In fact, it did not go up until the Sacramento boat had sailed. Then, after the orchestra had played an extra overture, the curtain went up, and there stood six sets of ladies' tights filled with sawdust, and supported by invisible strings. 'Twas but a minute when a rush for the stage and ticket office was made by the crowd, who were after Holland's scalp, but he had gone to Sacramento for his health, was the supposition. I was not present when Mr. Holland gave his entertainment, but I merely state the account of it as I heard it.

The Battle of Bunker Hill and the Conflagration of Charlestown was the title of a show which opened on the corner of Sansome and Clay Streets. The proprietor soon discovered that something must be added to the show, as his was not long enough to constitute a whole evening's entertainment. Bernard, Dave Bush, Pete Sterling, myself and others were engaged. The show was called a diarama, i. e., panorama with automatic figures. During the battle, Bernard, Bush and I could be seen with a company of British or Continental soldiers, as the case might be, under our arms and replacing them on the

opposite side from whence they came, that they might renew the battle.

We did a first part minstrel scene with Bernard in the middle, while Bush and I were on the ends. This continued until a real fire came and burned Charlestown to the ground, with several banjos, tambourines, wigs, and other nigger singers' paraphernalia, and thus ended the great battle for Independence.

While lying sick in bed in San Francisco, several of the minstrel boys came to see me, as they were anxious to go to the Fair at San José which commenced the following week. "Very well, boys, write and secure the theatre, and order some printing at Sterrett's." We went and performed to a good house. I gave each member ten dollars, and the sack which contained ten dollars of my own money I gave to Charles Clinton to lay away for me, as I must go to bed at once, being very weak.

The boys had a social game of poker. Clinton lost his ten and mine. He felt very bad, and promised to make it good. Eight months later, he had a pair of pants which were made for his brother, but were too small. They were too large for Charley and he believed they would fit me, and upon trying them on I found they fitted exactly. "How much do you want for them?"

"Ten dollars." "All right, I'll take them, that will make us square." "Had I known that you were going to do that, I would have not made the offer." "I won't take them, if you object to paying your honest debt." "Take them," he said.

A year later, at my sister's home in Williamsburg, N. Y., Bub, her son, said, "Uncle, I'm going across the street to the shoemaker's; will you go along?" The shoemaker was a Frenchman. Bub introduced me, "My uncle, Mr. Taylor." "Oh, you're a tailor?" "Yes, sir." "I want a pair of pants made." "I have a pair made for another party, which I think will fit you," and I went and got them. The Frenchman was well pleased, and paid me \$10.00 for them. He then brought out a large circular cloak of his wife's, which he wanted made over in a coat and vest for himself. I had to use a strong argument to dissuade him from cutting the cloak.

About the time that Birch, Wambold, Bernard, and Backus were preparing to leave San Francisco for New York, I, with Rattler, Williams, Kelly, Shepard, and Peele, was making ready for Idaho. I was chosen business and stage manager.

As the Academy of Music on Pine Street was nearly finished, Maguire was loath to see so many show people leaving town. Backus had

offered me an equal share with the San Francisco Minstrels, to open with them in New York, where each made a fortune. Maguire offered me fifty dollars a week and to sign a contract for two years. "Why did you not offer that before?" I asked. "Because I did not want you." "You don't want me now. You only want to break up this Company. Mr. Maguire, I can't accept your offer, which, I am sure, is liberal, but can't accept it, as I have sent Harry Williams to Portland with the printing, with the understanding that the Company would be up on the next steamer." Williams had exacted a promise from me that I would be there, whether the Company came or not. "Yes, I will be there, if I am alive; if dead, you don't want me." "I have given my word, Mr. Maguire." "What is your word?" "It is all I have," was my reply. The Company took the steamer for Portland in April. We should have waited until June, as we had passed a most severe winter; we were two months too early, a fact that we discovered after leaving the steamer and taking the stage at Pokotella for Idaho. The driver offered me \$80.00 for my fur overcoat, that I received in part payment for my pipe, which I sold in Hong Kong.

This journey over the mountain was very

trying. We suffered greatly from cold and hunger. We traveled many miles on the crust of snow, and at some places we were told there were from forty to seventy feet of snow under us. When we reached the summit of the Blue Mountains, we were surprised in discovering a young man having a blazing fire and a very large loaf of hot bread just off from a temporary oven of his own construction, with another loaf ready for baking. "Will you sell us that loaf of bread?" I asked. "No, I want it myself." "Well, see here, friend, we must have it, as we are hungry." I took the loaf, and breaking it as near as possible in equal parts, passed it around. We ate and enjoyed it. He refused the offer we made in payment. As we were about to leave, I expressed a wish to meet him again, and to be sure that he would not forget us, I informed him that we were the California Minstrels, and in reply he said: "You can go to —." "No," I said, "we are going to Idaho. Good-bye."

Hogum was the first place named where we were expected to give our entertainment. After an early start, and an all-day drive, without anything to eat, except at a deserted cabin where we watered the team, we found a copper-bottomed wash boiler with burnt dried apple sauce stick-

ing around the edges. We all agreed this was the best apple sauce we had ever eaten.

"There it is," said the driver about 4 P. M. "Where?" we asked, craning our necks to see this mysterious something. "What is it?" "Hogum. Don't you see the smoke?" We could see the smoke, but there was no other visible sign of life or a camp. Hogum was completely covered, roof, chimney and all, still there was hope for something better, as a warm rain had commenced, and the snow was rapidly disappearing.

We prepared at once for business. Our price of admission was two dollars. This was mostly paid in dust, as there was a scarcity of coin. I did not understand why anyone should volunteer to sell tickets until I saw the trick performed. The miner would pass in his sack containing dust; the man selling tickets held the scales with a weight; the value of \$2.00 on one side, then pouring the dust in the scales until it began to drop. Thereby he got from thirty to fifty cents' profit on every ticket sold. No one sold tickets for us after that, and no one paid more than two dollars for his ticket.

Our next stand was Centerville. Here we met John Kelly, a most remarkable man. Kelly was one of the finest violinists, who, without the slightest knowledge of music, had gained a rep-

utation and received a higher salary and a longer engagement than any violinist that has ever appeared on the Pacific Coast. He received \$100.00 a night for three years in the El Dorado, corner of Washington and Kearny Streets. In Centerville Kelly was engaged by Marion Clark, who was a very clever musician and a most agreeable gentleman. We performed but one night in Centerville, as Bannock was our objective point. The Company, with the exception of Peele and myself, took the early morning stage for Bannock.

LEADING THE MAN ACROSS THE STREAM.

On the following morning, Peele and I decided to walk, and being advised that by taking the trail we could save several miles, we took the trail, and as the streams were very much swollen, we had some difficulty in crossing. About noon we saw a man who had attempted to cross on a plank where the stream was probably thirty feet wide. It appeared that he had become dizzy, as the stream was swift and he dare not attempt to walk. I went to his assistance, and had him place his hands on my shoulder, as I walked in front. "Step with me," I said. He did so, and I took him safely across the stream. I thought

no more of it, but I believed he was one of the proprietors of the Theatre at Hogum.

At the time of our arrival in Bannock there was great excitement. Three men had been murdered on the trail between Centerville and Bannock. I inquired the particulars, and found that two men had murdered the third, and were in the act of robbing him, when Casona, a violinist, and Moulten, a banjoist, came upon the murderers unintentionally, and this discovery cost these two innocent men their lives. Suspicion at once rested upon the two men who were managing the Theatre at Hogum, when we performed there, the younger man being the one whom I assisted across the stream.

Our opening night in Bannock was a great success. The hall, which was a good-sized one, was filled to the door, at two dollars a head. A prominent business man of the town, as we stood back of the curtain, said, "You have a good house, but you will never have another." "But," I replied, "we have a good show." "No doubt of that, but I can point out forty men in your audience who have had no supper, and I saw at least ten men on the snow looking in at the top of the windows while lying on their stomachs." Our business fell down to less than expenses. Flour was forty dollars a sack. Men without

money became desperate and threatened to burn the town. Rattler and Shepard had a dispute and Rattler would have been killed, were it not that I stood between them. Shepard had a gun, while Rattler was unarmed.

MEN WITH SACKS OF FLOUR ON THEIR BACKS
WHILE THE FIRE WAS RAGING.

Julia Dean Hayne was playing at the Opera House to a poor business. Griselda was being played, and I, as usual, had a seat near the entrance, when, at the end of the first act, I heard the cry of fire. I was the first one to leave the Theatre. I went to my room, packed my champagne basket, and with that and my banjo, I hiked to the tall timber. "Do you think the fire will reach here?" the landlord asked, as I was about to leave. "You have no time to think," was my reply. After depositing my traps in what I thought a safe place, I returned to assist the landlord in saving his property. In forty-five minutes there was nothing left of Bannock, except the Opera House, which was situated at a safe distance across the creek, and in taking a view from there one could see men going in all directions with one, two, and sometimes three sacks of flour on their shoulders.

Rattler had left us. He was the only one that had any money worth mentioning. I secured a log cabin, and we had, as it were, a family reunion without the banquet. What's to be done? A piece of steak the size of a girl's hand cost \$1.50 and other luxuries in proportion. "This is no place for us. We must get out," was the opinion expressed. After about two weeks, when the town was being rebuilt, a man came in, driving four mules hitched to a prairie schooner. "Where are you going?" I asked. "I'm going to Walla Walla." "What will you charge to take six of us along? We'll furnish the provisions." "I'll take you down there for one hundred and fifty dollars." "All right, we'll go along with you. When will you start?" "In about a week." "All right, but say, I want to tell you we can't pay you until we make it. We are the California Minstrels, and as soon as we can give a show you shall have your money."

PEELE WITH MY BANJO HELD ABOVE HIS HEAD,
WHILE I DROVE IN.

There was a little couple well known as Punch and Judy. I had met Punch on several occasions in California and Oregon. When he found what we were doing, he came and begged

of me with tears in his eyes to take him along. "All right, Punch, I'll take you along, if you'll do the cooking." This proposition he willingly accepted, as Judy was sick in Sacramento and he was anxious to see her. Punch weighed about ninety pounds; Judy something less. The teamster asked nothing extra for Punch, as he was very handy and willing to help and make himself useful. The teamster had a buggy and two ponies that he wanted taken eighty miles down the road. I volunteered, and he was glad to have me drive them. I took Peele with me, and with our baskets and my banjo we drove away. When we came to a ferry I was obliged to sell my overcoat (the fur one for which, on my way up, I was offered and refused \$80.00), and which I now sold for \$20.00, as we must cross the river and that meant \$4.00, leaving \$16.00 for Peele and myself to go on. On nearing our next crossing, the approach being plain, there could be no doubt as to this being the proper and only place of crossing. I stopped and hesitated. "I don't like the looks of this, do you?" "Why not?" said Tom, "there are wagon tracks of others who have crossed." "All right, we will try it. Let us put our baskets on the seat and you hold my banjo and I will drive in." I did so, and the ponies went out of sight for a short time,

but they kept going, and to our surprise and great relief they took us safely to the opposite side, not over, but under the stream. This was about nine o'clock A. M., cold and frosty, everything but the banjo being wet. The sun came out and we unhitched the ponies and gave them a feed, while we got our toggery out on the fence and bushes where the sun shone the brightest. About noon the mail coach, filled with passengers, came along. When not more than a hundred yards from us, they turned to the left and drove up to the station, which was entirely hidden from our view, and would not have been discovered had the stage passed unnoticed. We followed them up and sat down with the rest to a dinner, which did more to cheer and warm us up than the suit of underwear that we bought at the gents' furnishing store, such as are often seen in connection with country hotels and post-offices. The stage passengers had a great laugh at our expense when they were told of our troubles. They had noticed our wardrobe of many colors and patterns, and each expressed an opinion as to the meaning of this unusual display. "'Tis a band of gypsies," said one. "No, it's an auction sale," said another, and another thought it was a band of robbers dividing their plunder. When paying our bill, the landlord said we .

should have gone a mile and a half up stream, where there was a good crossing. "I don't know of any serious accident here, but there have been several close calls."

Two days later we arrived at the place agreed upon, where we were to meet the party and leave the ponies, for which Tom and I had formed a strong attachment. At that time I was wearing a pair of dark pants trimmed with buckskin, such as was often seen among stage drivers and cowboys. They were nicely made, but there was no price set upon them, nor were they ever offered for sale. On our meeting, we found the boys all in good spirits and looking well. Punch received the credit, for they said he was a splendid cook. We had a rest of two days, during which the driver traded two of his mules, the leaders, for a fine pair of horses, which gave us a more dignified appearance. When driving into Walla Walla, five days later, after a shave and a bath, and a general clean-up, I said to the driver, in the presence of some of the Company, "Now, if you will wait here two days, that we may have time to bill the town and give the show, you shall have your money." "I can't wait here," was his reply. "Well, I can't pay you until I get the money." "Well," he went on to say, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me that pair of

pants and that knife, I'll call it square," and thus ended the history of the Virginia City knife which was thrown in my trunk during the McNab argument.

On our opening night we were greeted with a big house, admission \$1.00, reserved seats being sold at the hotel without extra charge. I stood taking tickets and money for general admission. The town band was engaged to play outside. This naturally drew a crowd, and, while listening attentively, I noticed a man looking at me so steadily that I wondered if he knew me or had any design on me. Presently he came nearer and said, "How are you?" "How do you do, sir?" "Do you remember me?" he asked. "Yes, I remember your face, but I can't place you." "Well, I remember you. You are the fellow that took my bread away from me." "Is that so? Come in and see the boys. They'll all be glad to see you. Take a front seat and don't leave until we see you after the show." I sent word to the Hotel to have a supper served at twelve o'clock. It was served to our entire satisfaction. The landlord, who was a splendid fellow, did all he could to make it pleasant for us, and our guest, the bread-man, who had already told us of his good luck. He had struck a rich ledge and sold his claim for \$30,000. "Not a

large fortune, but I am satisfied," he said. The supper lasted until breakfast time, but none of us was hungry or thirsty.

On our arrival at Portland, I went at once in search of talent. While in conversation with Belle Devine, a beautiful lady, and very clever, a strange lady passed through the hotel parlor, who, I noticed, had a black veil in folds around her throat and chin.

THE BEARDED LADY.

"What is the matter with that lady? Has she toothache?" "No," said Miss Devine, "she is a bearded lady." "Is that so? Do you think she would like to travel?" "Possibly; she is a minister's wife and they are suing for a divorce." I asked for and obtained an introduction, and she was engaged to go as far as Sacramento, where the Company would disband. Jack Hudson, who was a side-show blower, was out of money and a job, was taken along as advance agent, a position which he could not successfully fill. As he was smitten with Miss Devine and believed that his place was with the Company, we closed with him at Yreka. In one of the largest towns in the Willamette Valley in Oregon, we gave our performance in the Court



EARLY MORNING SHAVE IN BED

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House. It was a good-sized room and was well filled. As there was no curtain, the only thing we could do for a final, was a walk around, which we did and walked off to an adjoining room, the audience remaining in their seats. When about half through washing, a young man came to the door and said, "They want you to give another show." "We can't do that, as we are billed to play at the next town to-morrow night." "But they want you to play again to-night." "Oh, is that so? Very well; tell them to keep their seats and I will collect a dollar from each." This I did, and every one remained to see the change of programme, even to the walk around, which I had promised in my announcement before collecting the money.

On our arrival in Sacramento, the Company, as was pre-arranged, disbanded. While boarding at the Golden Eagle Hotel, Callahan, the proprietor, said: "Why don't you fit up and open a place here?" That sounded good to me, and I looked for and found a place that appeared suitable for the purpose on K Street. After ordering material, I engaged carpenters and painters to build the stage and paint such scenes as I might require. While this work was being done, I went to San Francisco in search of talent. While there, I met Maguire, who said, "Well,

you're going to open in Sacramento, I see. Well, I'll give you opposition." "All right, Maguire, send them along." He did, and some of them wanted to break their engagement with him and join me. That I would not listen to. We did a good business for several months, when Maguire came and asked me if I could open the Academy of Music on Pine Street, San Francisco, and make it pay. "You know, Mr. Maguire, when that place was being built, you and I were around looking at it just the time when the arch was over the door. I then said I did not believe the place would pay, from the fact that it was below Montgomery Street." "Well, can't you put a Company in there that will pay expenses?" "I am losing \$50.00 a day on that place, while it is closed." "I think I can save the \$50.00 for you." I accepted Maguire's offer; turned my place over to the Company, and went to work for Maguire. I soon had the best show in town. I was given *carte blanche*, and I engaged the very best talent and paid the highest salary. Among the newcomers was Charles Clinton, a fine tenor singer, and Charles Collins, just from New York and London. He was an exceedingly clever performer, but I found him hard to handle, as he was naturally mean and disagreeable. He seemed to find pleasure in annoying

me. Finally, I went to Maguire, saying, "I can't get along with that fellow. He's a good performer and I don't want to lose him." "That Theatre and stage belongs to you and you are expected to run it, to suit yourself," said Maguire. That was all the power I required and at the next rehearsal I read the riot act, as soon as he opened with some sneering remark. "See here, Mr. Collins, if things are not run here to suit you, my advice is: send in your resignation." "Who are you?" was his retort. "My name is Taylor, and I am running this show to suit myself. Now if you can't act as a gentleman and treat me as such, your trunk will be set out on the sidewalk." He was quiet and peaceful ever after. This was the finest Vaudeville Company that had ever appeared at the Academy of Music, but it did not pay. Maguire was willing to acknowledge that the place could not be made to pay, and we closed it. Collins, who received \$100.00 a week went to Gilbert's for \$60.00. Three years later the building was used as a furniture store.

During our last week, I met Judge Maxon who was enroute to New York from Mexico. I invited him to a private box to see the performance. He came, and the next day on our meeting at the Russ House, he said, "Taylor,

come and go with me to New York; you can do better there, than here. So come on, I'll pay your fare."

"Well, Judge, as I have not seen my mother in eleven years, I'll accept your offer." Frank Hussey, when told of this, resolved to go on the same steamer. Soon after our arrival in New York, a hall which was known as Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, was engaged by Hussey and myself, and within two weeks, we opened with a fine Company of Minstrels. As there was plenty of idle talent on the streets, we had no trouble in securing the best; as this was the closed season, there were a great number of show people present on our opening night. Dan Bryant and his party, the San Francisco Minstrels, Tony Pastor and his Company, and many others equally as well known. As Hussey and I were comparative strangers, Sam Purdy, whom we had engaged and whom we considered as one of the best comedians, thought he could see a chance to have a little fun at our expense. So as we went on to sing a comic trio and I was about to sing my verse, Purdy said, "This is Mr. Taylor, a funny man from California." As Purdy was about to sing, I announced, "This is Mr. Purdy, the New York Pet, whom we have engaged one week on trial. We fear he will not

do." This incident reminded me so strongly of the experience of Dick Risley, in trying to get the consent of the King of Siam to allow him, with his Company to come and perform at Bangkok, that I must tell it.

THREE MEN KNOCKED DOWN.

The thing could not be done without a personal interview with the King, so Dick with an interpreter and a few of his performers, visited and was given an audience with his Majesty who would be pleased to know what a circus was, before allowing it to invade his territory. The clown was among the performers who went with Dick. Some of the questions asked, were: "What does this man do?" "He rides on horseback, standing up." "And this man?" "He is a vaulter." "And this man, what does he do?" "He is the jester." "The what?" "The jester. That is, he makes the people laugh." Whereupon, the King stepped up to the clown and said, "Make me laugh." The clown being equal to the occasion, said, in an undertone to Dick: "Knap the slap." This was done until three men were apparently knocked down and the King laughed to his heart's content.

After two weeks' engagement, we planned to

refit the place, which would mean some expense. We found that Kelley & Leon, who were then in Cincinnati, had already secured the lease of the place, and we were compelled to vacate.

MCBRIDE'S PARADE ON BROADWAY.

J. J. McBride, known as the King of Pain, whom I chanced to meet on Broadway, asked if I played the banjo. "Yes, sir, I play a little." "Well, I would like to engage you to play for me over there across the way." "What have you got?" I asked. "I am selling medicine." "Oh, I see. You want me to make them sick while you sell them medicine to get them well." "No," he said, "I want you to play to draw the crowd in." "All right, Doctor, I'll be there." "How much do you want?" "Fifty dollars a week." "Pretty good pay." "I'm a pretty good player." "All right," said Doc, "be on hand. We will have a parade at two o'clock." The parade was led by a band, then came the Doctor in an open carriage drawn by four horses, then myself in a two horse carriage, in which there were several thousand bills, which I was throwing out as we drove up Broadway and down the Bowery. Dr. McBride was one of the strangest characters I ever met. Liberal to a fault, and could sell

more medicine than all others put together. I received my pay regularly together with champagne in abundance, as he would drink nothing else. The finest cigars were none too good or expensive. "I am going to Boston," he said on Saturday. "Can you run the business on Saturday night? I will be back on Monday." "Oh, yes." "Can you diagnose disease?" "Yes, as well as you can." I did not attempt to diagnose diseases, but I sold ninety-six bottles of medicine at one dollar per bottle.

The following week, while in company with McBride, I met my brother, D. D. Taylor, a man well along in years; of high standing in society, and in easy circumstances, but of very little experience in the ways of the world. When introduced, the Doctor was much pleased and proposed having a bottle of wine, and to return the compliment I asked if they had fine cigars. "Yes, sir, we have some, three for a dollar." "That's the kind." We each took one and enjoyed them. The next time that my brother and I were by ourselves, he asked, "What did you mean by paying a dollar for three cigars?"

After three months with the Doctor, I was offered and accepted an engagement with Barnum and Vanenburg's Circus and Menagerie, at a less salary than I had been receiving. This was

for two reasons: First, I wanted to know the mysteries of the Circus life; Second: John Collins was engaged, but refused to go out with them unless I was engaged.

John Hart of Pittsburg, Larry Tooley, Billy Manning, Bob Hall of Baltimore, and Johnny Booker were with us during the season. We met and had our first rehearsal at Connersville, Ind. A few weeks prior to the end of the season, Johnny Collins decided to leave the Company. I tried my best to have him remain, saying, "When we are paid off, in Louisville, you and I will go to California," but my persuasion was of no avail. "Why do you want to quit, Johnny?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I've got too much money." He left, and I never saw him again. I believe he had \$600.00, and he thought he was rich.

On my return to New York, I became acquainted with Mr. Chapman, a shipping merchant, who owned some land where gold had been discovered, and wanted to engage a miner of some experience to go down to Santa Marta, in Central America, and prospect. I mentioned Billy Rickards as a man whom I thought would suit his purpose. Billy was engaged, but positively refused to go without me. "See here, Billy, I have no interest in going to Central

America." "It makes no difference, you must go." I believed that if he made good and the mines were rich, I could do well by opening a hotel, and I went with him and regretted it, for I found that Billy was much different than I had expected to find him. He was a good fellow, but disagreeable when drinking, and would swear like a pirate. When off Cape Hatteras we were caught in a pretty severe storm and were somewhat disabled by the loss of sails and otherwise. Billy was dreadfully frightened. In the morning after the storm, I came on deck, and, on meeting Billy, said, "You were pretty badly frightened last night, weren't you?" "Yes, I was." "Did you pray?" "Yes." "Well, remember it and don't swear any more." He didn't swear for two weeks. On the 22nd of February, in Barrenquilla, I invited all to take a drink, in the Hotel. Billy being present, joined by taking nearly a full glass of Aquadanta. "Be careful, Billy," I whispered. "See here," he said, "I am twenty-one and I know what I'm doing." This was spoken in anger and in a loud voice. We were then in Barrenquilla, and I replied, "And I know what I'm doing. I'm going to leave here for Santa Marta in the morning." I never saw him again, but heard of his death a few months later.

MEETING THE BEARDED LADY IN BARNUM'S
MUSEUM.

During my absence, Barnum's Museum had been burned. On my return I went up to the temporary place of amusement where I saw Giho, the skeleton, and was greeted by him, with "Hello, Joe. Where are you from, and what are you going to do?" "I'm just from Central America, and will take the first thing that's offered." "I'm married since I saw you." "Is that so?" "Yes; say, Jack" (Jack was his brother) "go in and bring the old woman out." Jack brought her out, and to my surprise it was none other than the bearded lady whom I had brought from Portland to Sacramento. She recognized me at once and we had a pleasant talk. After a Sunday dinner with my mother and sister, and three ladies, who were invited guests, the conversation, from spiritualism, ended in fortune telling. My mother did not know whether there was anything in it or not, but I had heard of an old German lady who they say tells fortunes very accurately. "Where is she?" I asked. One of the ladies volunteered to take me to the old lady's home. When I was shown the house, the young lady who was my guide returned to mother. I knocked and was received cour-

teously. She began: "Your business is with a great many people. It may be you are a public speaker. You are going to leave this place very soon. You are going to a city where you have never been before. There is a high mountain near." I paid the dollar, that being the price, and returned home, thinking no more of it. At about ten A. M., Monday, I met Harry Jackson on Broadway, who said, "You are just the man I'm looking for." "What's wanted?" "I'm engaging a Company to go to Montreal to open up a new place." Montreal is noted for its drive around the mountain. I accepted the engagement, and took the train with several others for Montreal, and on the following night opened the new place under the management of Mr. Slade, who had a pretty little wife and baby. The first sleigh ride I had was with a friend who took me on the seven mile drive around the mountain. I really believe the old German lady could tell fortunes. I had a three months' engagement and enjoyed myself every minute of the time I remained, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was extremely cold.

One night in the office of the hotel, the American, I think it was called, there was an immense stove which was kept red hot most of the time, while twenty men or more would sit around in a

circle with their feet on the rail. I was there with others, when a man came in, and touching my shoulder, asked if he could speak with me. "Yes, what is it?" He would not reply until I got up and went in the hall entrance, and then, in a most gentlemanly manner, asked if I would be so kind as to loan him a half dollar. "Yes," I replied, "but why did you pick me out from all that crowd of men?" "Well, you are a good-natured looking fellow." "Oh, thank you."

On New Year's day I invited some acquaintances to take a drink with me. They joined me and one called for a Shandygaff. This was a new drink that I had never heard of, but as I did not wish to expose my ignorance, I called for a Shandygaff, which gave satisfaction. On Broadway, New York, there was a resort known as the California Wine Store, a fine place and kept and managed in first class manner. Any Californian could find a friend by leaving word when he would return. A man by the ancient name of Smith met me there quite frequently and claimed an acquaintance. He said he was a fellow passenger with me on board the *Kingfisher*, when I was with the Backus Minstrels. "This seems strange," I replied; "I really do not remember you." "Probably not, I was Chips, the ship carpenter." On becoming better ac-

acquainted, he asked if I knew how he could make some money. "Do you mean in show business?" "Yes." "Well, if you have money or backing, I have something in view, that I believe would be a great success from the very start." "I have the money. Now what is your plan?" "My plan is to organize a minstrel company of not over twelve people, out of which must be a band and orchestra and an advance agent. Get rates if possible, and buy through tickets to San Francisco with the privilege of stopping along the road where there are enough people to play to. By the time we arrive in San Francisco we will have a barrel of money, as this will be the first Company over the road, and they are just beginning to run through passenger trains." Smith could not see it. "What do you think of England?" "That suits me, I am an Englishman." "Well, I'm a Yankee and I know absolutely nothing about England, and I think the risk would be much greater than that which I have offered." He felt satisfied that we could do well in the old country, as he was quite familiar with many people of prominence, who would come to the front, should we need assistance. "Friends are all right while one is prosperous, but when in need they are hard to locate, that has been my experience," was my reply.

A TRIP TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

He felt confident that we could make money and he was willing to take the risk. "Very well, I will have a Company and the printing ready in four weeks or less." He handed me \$500.00 for immediate use. Billy Shepard, Archie Hughes, Jack Hilton, Geo. Percival, Fred Abbot, Geo. Guy and his sons, and Geo. Willey were engaged within one week. I went to Philadelphia and bought a fine lot of Pictorial stock printing, and then went to Boston where I got more printing, and while there, I engaged William Mullaly as leader. He was a fine violinist. On my return from Boston, I met Mr. Slade, the gentleman who was proprietor of the Theatre at Montreal, when I performed there. When being told of what I was doing, he expressed a wish to engage with me as agent. This I considered fortunate, as he was an Englishman and could work to better advantage than a stranger. After a consultation with Smith, we decided to engage Slade, so I directed Smith and wife with Slade and wife, to go on the first steamer and I would follow with the Company on the next. On meeting Dave Wambold, after having engaged Mullaly, he said, "Joe, you've got a fiddler, the finest in the business, but Sing Sing will never have

their own until they get that rascal and Ainsley Scott. The only way to do with him, is to knock him down the first time he begins to show himself." This was a rough recommend for Mullaly, but it put me on my guard and I was prepared for what might be coming. On our way over, Mullaly, who was a good looking fellow, had made the acquaintance of a young lady passenger, who was rather pretty and she was often seen promenading the deck with Mullaly. Early one morning, as usual, I was on deck, when the young lady asked if she could take my arm, at the same time saying that she did not like Mr. Mullaly. It was but a few minutes later, when Mullaly appeared and taking in the situation, he stepped up and was about to take the lady away from me. "This lady is under my care, Mullaly, and don't you put your hands on her." Mullaly withdrew, being white with rage. I thought no more of it, until along in the evening I heard some loud talk, and on going nearer, I found it was Mullaly making threats, such as, "I can lick that —, you, I mean." "You will never have a better opportunity than right now," was my reply. Finding I was not frightened by his threats, he walked away.

On our arrival at Liverpool, I was surprised

to find we were to open there at the Theatre Royal. "Why didn't you open in London, as I directed?" "We couldn't get an opening," was Slade's reply. "That is strange. London is a big town, surely there is a place for us." "No use. I never got an opening with my Company in London." We performed three weeks to poor business. Cyrus Neal or O'Neal was introduced by his manager, who wanted to secure an engagement for him, and asked that Neal might be heard. He sang, and we engaged him at \$30.00 a week. I had read several times in the London papers of the Slade fund, stating how much had been contributed, etc. I sent our agent to Manchester, at the end of our second week in Liverpool. A young man who claimed to be an American asked for the position of bill-poster. "You are not a bill-poster, are you?" "No, but I superintend the work. I have men in my employ." Two weeks later, while in Manchester, I was boasting of my fine printing, and the party I was talking with laughed and said, "We have seen it before." "Where?" "Here. There was a man here selling it." I found I had been paying the fellow for stealing my printing.

HIDING AND PEEKING OUT OF THE BATH ROOM.

'The night before our agent left for Manchester, he said, "I'm a poor hand to awake. Will you call me?" "Yes. Which is your room?" "It is the last, facing the hall." He was a small man, and wore a small shoe.

I went at 4:30 to the last room facing the hall, gave a loud knock and called, "Get up quick, you'll be late." "What the d——l do you want?" a man answered in a rough voice as he came nearer to the door. Then I noticed his boots, which were at least four sizes larger than the agent's. They were set outside, as was customary, to be blacked. I darted into the bath room, which happened to be open and remained there until the gentleman had finished swearing. I had gone to the last room facing the hall, but I was on the wrong floor.

In Manchester, I found our agent had engaged Free Trade Hall for three weeks at \$350.00 per week. I had a large American flag made to order in Liverpool, with the New York Minstrels in large letters on the stripes. This was hoisted on the Theatre in Liverpool, but in Manchester the janitor refused to put it up.

"This hall is mine for three weeks, and I want that flag put up." And it was. During this en-

gagement a part of the Royal Family honored us by their presence.

After being on the road about six weeks, notwithstanding the fact that we had some fine talent engaged, we were losing money. I had arranged to take the Company to Dublin, and on reaching Darlington I was taken down with high fever and sore throat, and as I learned afterwards, left there to die. Strange as it may seem, I am the only remaining member of that Company, unless it may be Campbell and Copeland (English), two fine young men and finished performers on the English Concertina and Harp. After a hard struggle, I recovered and took the train for Liverpool and the boat for Dublin, where I found the Company waiting for me. Smith was flat broke and the boys were no better off.

GHOST IN THE HALLWAY.

On the morning of my last day in Darlington, I had my throat lanced, as I could not speak, and it was exceedingly painful to breathe. It must be that I had the appearance of a ghost, as the servant girl, when seeing me in the hallway with a white blanket wrapped about me, while waving my arms in an endeavor to attract her attention, ran away screaming, to the dis-

comfiture of the guests in the hotel. She finally had courage to return, when I made known through writing, that the Doctor must come at once, as I was choking to death.

On calling for my ticket for Liverpool, I found that I was a sixpence short. "Will you let me have the ticket?" "No, sir." "I am a very sick man; just out of bed. I must go to Liverpool; won't you make it good?" "No, sir." "You are a kind-hearted man; you will get along all right. Is there a station between here and Liverpool, where the train stops?" "Yes." "Give me a ticket for there." On arriving at the place mentioned, I asked if there was another train coming soon for Liverpool. "Yes; it stops here one minute." Upon inquiry, I found the Conductor was a short, stout man, with a black mustache. When the train arrived, he jumped off and I hailed him. "There is my trunk going to Liverpool. Put it on the train; I will settle with you there." "We don't do business that way." "You must," I said, as I jumped on the train and the trunk came along.

I GAVE THE HOLDUP MEN A BLUFF.

I remained one night in Liverpool, and in the morning I took the boat for Dublin, and on my

arrival, I was compelled to go to bed, where I remained for several days. During this time one of the managers of the Crystal Palace came to engage our Company to give a matinée at the Palace. I agreed to give the matinée for fifty pounds if they could wait until I was stronger. After five days of continuous rain, the sun came out, which made me feel much better. I believed that a walk out to the Palace would be beneficial, so I started out down Sackville Street; when nearing the grounds, I noticed the huge fence which enclosed the Palace, and I saw there was no gate. I inquired of three young men who were standing at the corner, to be directed to the entrance of the Palace. While one was giving directions, another was looking steadily at a cluster pin which I wore on my scarf. I thanked them and went on, and as I was crossing the street, I saw two of these men cross in the middle of the block and under the chain which was attached to stone posts. Each went to his station on either side of the walk, and awaited my approach. When within twenty feet of them, I looked up apparently surprised. "Do you want to go to the Palace?" they asked. "Yes," I replied, and reaching for my gun, which I never carried in my life, I said, "Stand back." They got out from under

the chain in less time than it took them to get in position to carry out their plan. The pin that they wanted was a splendid imitation.

The *matinée* at the Palace was a great success. Little All Right, on his swinging bamboo, was the star attraction. Smith had brought this boy with him from Japan, and this accounts for his desire to try his luck in show business. Dillon, the bill-poster, had engaged George Francis Train to come and give his lecture in relation to Fenianism. Train was locked up for awhile and when Dillon and I were out in his jaunting car, we had many a laugh, as I was taken for a Fenian leader. He would say, "Taylor, they'll have you yet."

Archie Hughes had taken a few drops of Irish whiskey, and during the first part, shouted, "I am an Irishman." "While in New York, you posed as an American," was my reply.

We performed at the Rotunda on Sackville Street for six weeks, and paid half salaries. One morning at breakfast, Smith received a note from the Company in which they refused to work under his management. He handed the note to me, saying, "What shall we do?" In reply, I said, "I will see the boys and find out their plans," and although I had never received a dollar from Mr. Smith for my own use, I

would stand by him, if it was his wish. The Company resolved to do for themselves. "Do you want me?" I asked. "Yes, of course." After a few days, I asked when business would commence. They replied, "We can't do anything; you go ahead; we are willing to work for you, but not for Smith." "Very well, boys. I'll see what I can do." The next day I left for Liverpool, taking Billy Shepard with me. On the way over, I offered him one-half interest on what I made or pay him a salary, if I made it. He preferred to be a partner. Before breakfast the next morning I arranged with Montague, owner of St. George's Hall, to open up on my own terms. I sent for the Company, and we opened to a big house. It was a success from the start. I soon discovered that Shepard was in communication with Pony Moore and had engaged to appear with him in London, as soon as he could break with me. He denied it, but I was sure it was true. Mr. Montague found that I was making too much money and began to create a feeling of discontent among the Company, which Mullaly did not hesitate to display. One morning, when all were prepared to commence rehearsal, he, without the slightest cause, very deliberately placed his violin in the case and walked off, so I decided to bring about an

understanding at once. "Gentlemen," I said, as we were about to take our places for rehearsal, "this man" (pointing to Montague) "would like to engage you. My advice is: go with him. He has money and can pay you even if he loses. I will pay, if I have it." They were surprised, but none denied the facts as stated. Shepard went to London. Smith and wife returned to New York. Montague took the Company out and came back three months later, \$5,000.00 loser. Cyrus Neil, the tenor, whom I engaged while at the Theatre Royal, became so howling drunk that I locked him in one of the cells in the basement of the Rotunda, in Dublin, to remain there until sober.

ELLIS AND THE COTTON BROKER.

While in Dublin I discovered the meaning of the Slade fund. Mr. Slade, my agent, had left his wife and four children in London, penniless. The Slade fund was for the support of those children. Mr. Slade's peculiar habit of speech was an attempt to speak the last word while taking a breath. When I asked why he left his wife, he replied, "She used to lick me like h—l." While in conversation with several friends, in the Star Music Hall at Liver-

pool, Mr. Ellis introduced himself, by saying he had heard that I was an American and had been quite a heavy loser, in bringing the Company from New York. "Yes, I have lost some money." "Well, I can let you have \$250.00. I have fifty-nine bales of cotton coming, and I can help you out as well as not." "You are very kind, I am sure, but I don't know when I can repay you." I was in his company quite often, and was invited to dinner at the cotton broker's, who was keeping him supplied with money until the ship with the cotton arrived. The ship came. Ellis and the broker went on board and lunched with the Captain. Ellis asked if there were fifty-nine bales of cotton on board. "Yes," was the Captain's reply. On Sunday morning, while at breakfast at the hotel, the cotton broker came in the room quite excited. "Where is Ellis?" he asked. "I don't know. I saw him last night." "At what time?" "Ten o'clock." "Do you know where he rooms?" "I know where he did room, but he said he had moved." "Ellis is gone. He has no cotton." This looked bad for me, as I had been seen in his company quite often.

After taking a benefit at the Theatre Royal, which was tendered me by the professionals of Liverpool, I went to London and took an en-

gagement with Hamilton's America as it was at Agricultural Hall, Islington. This was a panorama; scenes on the Mississippi; steamboat explosion, etc. I had been there but a short time when I received letters from parties who were desirous of taking lessons on the banjo. I soon found that I could do better teaching, than performing, so I engaged rooms in Piccadilly. I called on Sam Hague, who had the Georgia Minstrels engaged at the High Holborn. On entering, to my surprise, there stood Joseph Pickering. "Well," said he, "I believe if I went to h—l, I'd find you there."

I saw Hague, who ordered a cab and took me to the Alhambra Palace, the largest Vaudeville Theatre in London; then to the Maison Dorée, where dinner was served. While smoking our after-dinner cigar, and still sitting at the table, Hague handed me a five-pound note, which I supposed was something for me to read, after which I thought he had made a mistake. When I passed it back, he said, "Put it in your pocket; you might need it." "Sam, why did you offer that five-pound note?" I asked the next day. "Because you are a gentleman," was his reply. While walking on Oxford Street I noticed a swell couple, who proved to be Ellis and a lady, a stranger to me. She remained

looking in a shop window while Ellis came and talked to me. "Was that a put-up job?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "but not on my part." His explanation to me was unsatisfactory. Two weeks later I met him at Oxford Music Hall. He wanted to speak with me. I listened and he began with a scheme he had in which we could each make a fortune. It was in the line of shipping cotton. "Ellis," I said, "you are making a mistake in trying to induce me to take part in any such actions. Take my advice and drive such thoughts from you. You are sure to be found out. Think of the disgrace you will bring upon your brothers, sisters, and poor old mother, while living perhaps in luxury, knowing that you are in prison. Just think of that, and resolve from this time on to be a better man." He cried like a child, and said he would.

Pickering was an improvisator of the highest order. He could sit and play the piano for hours to the delight and applause of his audience, and would never repeat any of his pieces, from the fact that he could not read a note of music. "Oh, Mr. Pickering, play that again, please." "No, I'll play another," and so he kept on playing another. Pickering came to my room with a proposition that we organize a

Company of first-class artists to go up the Mediterranean. "Have you got the money to back it?" I asked. "No, but I believe you and I can make it." "What is your plan?" "Well, I propose your going to Gibraltar and opening a subscription list as a guarantee against loss. We will ask for one hundred names at fifteen dollars each, the money to be paid on the arrival of the Company." Pick, as I called him, began engaging talent, while I was busy teaching the banjo.

In 1871 or 1872 in London the Cremorne Gardens, after an existence of several hundred years, was advertised to close at a stated date. Sunday would be the last opportunity of visiting, and therefore I went and after walking and looking about for an hour without discovering the least object of interest which appealed to my appreciation of the beautiful, I was about to pass out, when I noticed a sign of a hand with a finger pointing "To the Hermit." This led me to a subterranean passage, which I entered, and after walking some distance I came to a small room, where sat two beautiful young ladies, very prettily dressed and quite modest. They evidently noticed that I was somewhat embarrassed, and to my relief they asked if I wished to have my fortune told. I assured them

this was my only object in coming in. Whereupon I was seated at a table where writing material was furnished and I was requested to write my name, age and the place of my birth. This being done, the paper was passed through a small window which swung as a door. I caught a glimpse of the hermit, which was a splendid makeup. While waiting the revelation of my fortune the ladies were quite entertaining, and on receiving the written fortune I was asked if I would be pleased to see the picture of my future wife. They looked so bewitching, so charming and so captivating that I really believe they were bidding for and expected a proposal, but I was too young to marry; only thirty-seven; I therefore gracefully bowed and made my exit.

SPURGEON.

The Reverend Spurgeon was preaching to thousands of people at the Tabernacle and I must hear him, but to gain admission I must have a ticket which would give the holder a reserved seat free of charge, no one being admitted without the ticket, and each must take his turn, as seats were being taken weeks ahead. I waited three weeks. While listening to the discourse

of this devout Christian gentleman I was strongly reminded of Thomas Starr King, whose lecture in Platt's Hall, San Francisco, gave such great delight to his audience in which I was present and this thought came to me: "How can people of ordinary intelligence listen to the sayings of these brilliant and most convincing orators and servants of God and deny the divinity of Christ?" Christ is the great central fact in the world's history; to him everything looks forward or backward. All the times of history converge upon him. All the march of Providence is guided by him. All the great purposes of God culminate in him. The greatest and most momentous fact which the history of the world records is the fact of his birth.

After engaging twelve performers, we went to Gibraltar, and commenced work. In two weeks we had fifty subscribers. I remained to secure the other fifty, while Pick returned to London to engage more talent.

While at Gibraltar, in looking over the head lines of a London paper, I saw and read:

"THE RASCAL CAUGHT AT LAST."

I knew without going any further that it was Ellis. If the fellow is alive, he is still serving time.

Pick and I were writing and receiving letters. I had secured fifteen more names, when our correspondence ceased. Ten days later, he wrote, saying, we would open in Lisbon and advised me to go there and prepare for their coming. I hesitated as I did not wish to disappoint the people as I had done in Gibraltar. There were but few letters passed between us, and until finally the correspondence ceased entirely. On Pick's departure for Gibraltar I gave him my pin; the one which the young men of Dublin would have taken without asking.

After Pickering's departure, Mons Nicala, a French Prestidigitator, a splendid performer, came and made my acquaintance. I was invited by the telegraph operators to a Christmas dinner, and as I believed this would be a good opportunity to introduce the gentleman, I asked if I should extend the invitation. "Certainly," they said, "bring him along." I did so, and advised that he come prepared, should they call on him to show them a trick; this he did without asking, on taking our places at the table. The plates being bottom up, he drew his slightly over the edge of the table, then putting the back of his fingers under the plate, by a quick movement flipped and caught it. On being called upon after dinner, all being at the table, he

asked, "Have you cards?" A very much used deck was brought out. "Select one and show the gentlemen," he said. "Then place it in the deck." This being done, he received the cards and spreading them face up, on the table, he asked, "What card did you see? Queen of Spades. Come out, Queen of Spades!"

At a dinner with a Company in Dallas, Texas, I did the plate turning trick successfully. Some of the others tried at an expense of three dollars and some small change.

TAKEN TO COMFORTABLE QUARTERS BETWEEN TWO SPANISH SOLDIERS.

I went to Cadiz by steamer, from there to Lisbon by rail. The car was heated by iron tanks filled with hot water. Two Spanish gentlemen, a civilian, and a military man of high rank (judging from the number of medals with which he was decorated), were the only occupants, beside myself, in this most uncomfortable box-car. They were speaking Spanish. "Do either of you gentlemen speak English?" I asked. "Yes, sir, I do a little," replied the General. "I am on my way to Lisbon and I wanted to ask if this is a through train?" "No, you leave this train at the junction and there remain

until the arrival of the train from Madrid. You will be detained about two hours. I will see that you are cared for, while there." On our arrival, he called the Police, two soldiers carrying muskets and turning to me said, "These men will take you to comfortable quarters." They did so, one on each side, carrying a musket; I in the middle, with a banjo. We marched a mile or more, when we entered what was supposed to be a hotel. The room we entered was large enough for a railroad depot, and a proportional fireplace, where a bunch of Spaniards were hovering over a blaze, equal in brilliancy of two candles. A long table covered with a snow-white cloth and a few plates were suggestive. I discovered that I was hungry, and by signs I made the fact known, and was served with a fine supper. I set my banjo in the corner and while eating, the soldiers (my guards) took it out of the green bag and after talking and turning it over, came and said, "Music?" "See." I had prepared in my mind what to play, for I knew the request would come. In handing the instrument to me, one tapped the head and asked in Spanish, "What is this?" "Sheepskin," I replied. "No intendo, sheepskin. In Spanole." Then I blated. "Oh, see, see." Then I played



THESE MEN WILL TAKE YOU TO COMFORTABLE QUARTERS
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and marched around the table with every one of them following and shouting Wano.

While at Cadiz, where we were detained for four hours, I made the acquaintance of an English gentleman en route to Lisbon. We took in the sights. I bought five dollars' worth of lottery tickets, good for the next drawing. There was a drawing going on at the time, in the Church. On arriving at Lisbon, I went to the Braganza Hotel, a fine place, but rather expensive. Something must be done. I soon became acquainted with the operators at the station near the mouth of the Tagus. A Prussian man of war came in, while two Frenchmen were outside waiting for him. In looking out of my window, where I had a splendid view, I saw the U. S. Steamer, *Covette*, Brooklyn. I went to the landing, where a boat was about to pull out. I met and became acquainted with Midshipman Porter, son of Commodore Porter.

I found him to be a splendid young man, and we were friends at once. I was introduced to many of the officers, who would come to my room and have a smoke, while I played and sang for their amusement.

While on board and in conversation with young Porter and two other midshipmen, a short

distance from us was another party of jovial young officers talking and laughing; when one said, "What sort of conduct is that?" Porter turned to me and said: "Bob Evans."

Directly opposite the hotel was a brewery, where English-speaking people would congregate. I noticed a number of street singers who came around nightly and picked up what loose change, that no one except the brewer and myself appeared to have any use for. I believed that I was entitled to some of the pie, so I went to the brewer and asked if he would be pleased to have me come and entertain my friends in his place. Of course he would. Think of the beer that would be sold and served. Then, as a proviso, I mentioned that no street singers be admitted. All being satisfactory, I ordered two hundred tickets printed, with the programme on the reverse side. The date was March 17th, 1871. I walked down to the Telegraph station six miles distant, where I sold thirty-six tickets at one dollar each. Then on board the *Brooklyn*, where I sold eighty-five. I did not attempt to sell any more, nor did I collect any at the door. As the tickets were dated, I had no further use for them. I sent one to the New York *Clipper*. On the evening of the show I dressed in evening

suit, and with my banjo went to the brewery, where I sat down to one of the large tables, where there were shelves for any number of beer glasses under the tap. I greeted my patrons with a smile and a glass of beer. They kept coming until some one asked when the show commenced. "Right now," I replied, and picking up my banjo, I began and played and sang the programme through, which gave entire satisfaction, although it was not just what was expected.

Lisbon was a wide open town, public gambling in many parts. One night I sat watching the Rouletta game where Midshipman Porter was playing and losing, when with his pencil he wrote on the margin of a newspaper, "Lend me," and passed the slip under the table to me. I moved up to him, handed him what money I had, seven or eight dollars, and directed him how to bet, as I had watched the movement closely for an hour or more, I felt safe in advising him, and he began to win until nearly a hundred ahead. At twelve o'clock a new man came to the table, and as I advised, Porter stopped playing. I expected a part of the winning, but Porter said, "No, you take it all, I don't need it. I shall have some money from home in a few days. I only wanted to play, that was all."

A SEA SERPENT.

I became acquainted with the Captain of an American schooner bound for Philadelphia. I asked if he had accommodations for passengers. "Yes, if you can live the way we do, but the better way to do, is to ship as a sailor." "I'm no sailor, but I can stand my trick at the wheel." "Can you do that?" "Yes, sir, and I can pull and haul on deck, but will not go aloft nor put my hands in tar. Do you want that kind of a sailor?" "Yes, come on." From the fact of having head winds and being becalmed, we were making slow time. Short of provisions and water, we put in to Fayal, Azores, and there replenished. The day after sailing from Fayal, Azores, I was at the wheel when the Captain and mate came aft, and looking over the stern, I heard the mate say, "It's a whale." "No," replied the Captain, "whales don't come up and stay, but they blow and go down." About that time I was relieved from the wheel and with the others stood and watched the monster for an hour or more, as it came up and passed our bow and returned from whence it came. It came and went with its head continuously out of the water at least fifteen feet. "How long do you think it is?" the Captain asked. "Well, I should say it

is anywhere from ninety to a hundred and ten feet." "Why, that's just what the mate said."

On our arrival at Philadelphia the Captain wanted me to go and report it to the papers. "Oh, no," I replied, "how many would believe it? Not one in a hundred."

While at dinner with my nephew in San Francisco I was stating the facts of my seeing the sea serpent. He said I must be mistaken, "for you know a school of porpoise have been taken for a serpent." "Have you ever been in the Academy of Science on Market Street?" I asked. "Yes, I have." "Did you see the two polar bears at the foot of the marble stairs as you entered?" "Yes." "Well, you are mistaken; you just thought you saw them," was my reply.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* offered \$500.00 to any one who would come forward and say that he had seen a sea serpent. An old man, a gunsmith in Red Bluff, said, "Why don't you go and claim that \$500.00?" "Not I, as I would be called everything but an honest, truthful man."

As I had not many acquaintances in Philadelphia, I remained there but a few days and went to New York, where I expected to find my sister. I found that she had left, and was in California. I then took the train for Kansas City, with the intention of visiting some old friends, and then

continue on to San Francisco. A man whose name I have forgotten came to the front as a manager. Jones, for convenience, will be the name given. Mr. Jones had been conducting a coffee and lunch counter on the open square and was doing a good paying business, depending largely on the patronage of the farmers who were there at daybreak with their products. Jones thought he knew a better trick, so he bought a magic lantern and offered me one-fourth interest if I would go with him, manage the show and give the lectures. I thanked him, but declined the offer. He came again with a raise of one-third. "No, Mr. Jones, I don't believe I want it." "See here, Mr. Taylor, I want you to come in with me if you will. I will allow you one-half and I will take all the risk, and you shall own one-half of the pictures." This was too much for me to resist. "Very well, Mr. Jones, we must get a hall or some suitable place where we can rehearse." "I have a hall," he replied, "and we can go there and practice all we want to." I went and saw the show, which was not bad. Some of the pictures were very good, and I complimented him for his skill in working them. I suggested that we order some printing and give our first entertainment right here. Jones would not listen to this proposition at all.

"Why not?" I asked. "Well, I am too well known here." "That's all the better. Show people want to be known." No use, he would not consent to it. "What do you propose doing?" "I think we had better go to St. Louis." "All right, we'll go and get our printing there." While in St. Louis I met my old friend Dan Waldron, who had the Swiss Bell Ringers. He had but two nights to finish his engagement and I secured the hall for the following Monday night, ordered printing and was about to give my "ad" in the paper when Jones said, "I don't believe we had better play here."

"Where do you propose going?" "I think we had better go to New Orleans. We can take the boat and go down the river." As I had never been on the Mississippi this proposition, if anything, was pleasing to me, and the next morning we steamed away for New Orleans with expected hopes of greater triumphs. On our arrival, we engaged rooms at a private house, where Jones could make some changes and improvements in the working of the pictures. While doing this, he decided that it would be better not to open here and thought Galveston would be the place. As he was now beginning to act and feel he was an experienced showman, I acquiesced to his proposal, and away we went

to Galveston. For fear that Jones would want to keep on to Florida, Mexico, or South America, I hurried away while he was packing his traps and was about to arrange with the German Turners to give our show in their hall, when Jones said, "Well, we must do something pretty soon, as I've only a dollar left." "Is that true?" "Yes, it is." "Well, Mr. Jones, I'll make you a present of my half of this show." "What are you going to do?" "Well, I'm going back to New Orleans." "All right," he said, "I'll go with you," and he did.

M'BRIDE GAMBLING AWAY HIS MONEY.

On our return I was greatly surprised, while we were taking lunch, in beholding as it were the resurrection, as in walked J. J. McBride, an account of whose death I read while in London. "How are you, Doctor?" "How do you do?" was his reply, and he passed out. "He doesn't know me, I am quite sure. Wait here, I'll follow him." This I did without an attempt to overtake him. Suddenly he turned and retraced his steps. We met face to face. "Doctor, you don't remember me?" "Your face is familiar." "My name is Taylor." "What, Old

Joe?" clasping me in his arms and swinging around. "You are just the man I want." "What for?" "I'm going to Mexico, and I want you to go along." I attempted to explain the situation and said, "I have a trunk." "Have you?" Then in a tone that would reach at least two blocks, he shouted, "Joe's got a trunk! Get your trunk and come with me." "Hold on, Doctor, I know you. I'm all right here." "Do you want some money?" handing me a roll, which I found was six hundred dollars in greenbacks. "All right, Doctor, I'll go along with the understanding that I carry the sack." "All right you can carry the sack," and we started back to Galveston on the first steamer, leaving Jones to decide where would be his next stand. From Galveston, Doc and I went to Brownsville, where I deposited the money given me with the landlord, who locked it in his safe. Two days later the Doctor wanted two hundred dollars. "What for?" I asked. "I must get some drugs." I knew better, but I gave him the money. On the same day he wanted one hundred. This I gave him. Then two hundred; this I gave him, and at the same time sinking the remaining one hundred. When his last was gone with the other, on faro in Matamoras, just across the river, he

came for more. I assured him that it was all gone. "What, you mean to say that I have had all that money, every dollar?" "Yes."

I had made the acquaintance of General McD. McCook, who was in command, and as he and his officers would have me play in the hotel, I suggested giving an entertainment. "Why don't you?" said the General. "You can have the Cavalry Barracks." "Can I have a stage put in?" "Yes, and you can have as many flags as you want to decorate the hall." "Will the band play outside?" "Yes." "Can I use your name?" "Yes." A lady pianist volunteered to assist. I went to the printing office and ordered two hundred programmes, which I had distributed with the following heading:

GRAND CONCERT

To be given by

Mr. Joseph Taylor, celebrated banjoist and American
MOCKING BIRD

Assisted by numerous Artists of Celebrity, under the immediate patronage of General McCook and Officers of the Garrison.

ADMISSION 50c.

RESERVED SEATS \$1.00

The lady who played the piano asked, "Who are the artists of celebrity?" "You." "Oh, I'm numerous artists." My receipts were \$180.00. In the next issue of the town paper

they gave me a half column notice, with a request that I give another entertainment in the Town Hall. This I did. My receipts were \$177.00.

Two days later McBride came across from Matamoras, where he had evidently been playing faro, and, on seeing me, he shouted, "Come on, Joe. We are going to Galveston." He had made a winning. After getting to sea I acknowledged that I held out a hundred dollars.

"I know it," he said, "but you was right." In a small town fifty miles distant from Indianola we had been several days. Two men came in on horseback, and ordered dinner for two. Thirty minutes later two mounted men came from the opposite direction and ordered dinner. The landlord served dinner for four at the same time and table, there being no explanation offered; result was a fight in the dining-room, and a fine of \$300.00 for the breakage of furniture, which was paid for, then and there.

While resting quietly and smoking a cigar, a horseman, splendidly mounted and heavily armed, came up, and after the usual salutation, dismounted, and asking for a light, sat by me and questioned me so closely that my suspicion was aroused to such an extent, that when asked where we were going I gave him the opposite to

what we were intending to go. After a short rest, he mounted and rode off in the direction I had given him as our route. The landlord, who had kept out of sight during our conversation, asked if I knew the man whom I had just been talking with. "No, sir." "Well, that is Jesse James." Knowing full well that gentleman's reputation, I at once sought McBride, to whom I gave this startling information, whereupon we at once prepared for an early morning start for Indianola, which we made in good shape; and what with the help of a bottle of whiskey, which the Doctor gave the horse when he began to show signs of fatigue and distress, it was good time.

On my return to Galveston, Walter Bray, who was engaged as stage manager at Robert Scales Variety Theatre, engaged me for a short season. While here I met Jones, my former partner in the magic lantern show. "What have you done with your show?" I asked. "I have it stored," he replied. "Well, I really believe you'll save money by keeping it stored."

I took the river boat from St. Louis to Chicago, where on my arrival I met and became acquainted with Otis Carter, whom I found to be a good singer and a well known man about town. He came with a proposition for me to furnish the cash and take a Company to Kalamazoo. "As

I don't know any of the people you mention, and I've never been in Kalamazoo, I don't care to risk it." "If you will," said Carter, "I'll promise that you shall have your money before any other is paid out." "How can you do it?" "Well, I'll be right there to handle the money."

He was, and I got my money, after having passed through the hands of several claimants. While here I met a man who in early days was known as Kalamazoo. "Hello, Joe, how are you?" "How are you, Kalamazoo? What are you doing here?" "I am embalming." I found it was true, and he was doing well.

Bill or Joe Murphy came to town and with his Company opened at the Halsted Street Theatre. I was invited and attended his show. On the following day, he asked how I liked the play, and how would he do in England? "My advice would be: Don't go, but I'll tell you where you can go, Murphy, and make good money." "Where?" "Galveston." He went, and his season proved to be much better than I had represented it would be. Three weeks after this meeting with Murphy, I received a dispatch from Scoles in Galveston to return for a second engagement. On my arrival, I was quite surprised to see Murphy, who was billed to open that night in his new play. "I'll come around

and see you, Murphy. Have you any tickets in your pockets?" "No," he said, "there's been so many deadheads." There it ended; I have never seen Murphy to speak to him since.

LITTLE MATTIE.

I now resolved to take the route which I so earnestly desired, when Smith, my former partner, wanted to go to England. An advertisement for talent brought to my notice Mrs. Ada Payne, a widow lady with two children. They were girls,—Aggie the elder being six and Mattie, the younger was four years of age. Mrs. Payne had but little to say of her own ability, but often spoke of Mattie as being a precocious child, and believed that with proper training would become a great actress. I was invited to her home where I was introduced to her mother, Mrs. Dr. Cleveland, who was also a widow and grandma of the two children. She was more enthusiastic over the children than the mother. I fell in love with little Mattie at once, as I had discovered the material for an actress; that the appearance and personality of the mother were all that could be desired, is proven beyond a doubt, when told that four months later she became Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Cleveland and her

daughter, now Mrs. Taylor, had talked to me many times, very earnestly in relation to Mattie. She has talent. "Why don't you put her on the stage?" "I will, now that I am her father and she is pleased to look upon me as such; I will begin at once, with the distinct and positive understanding that there shall be no interference by either the mother or the grandmother."

This they willingly promised, and I began at once by writing an old man song, "I'm seventy-one to-day." This she committed without any effort, and sang it for me the next day. "That is splendid, Mattie. Now that you can sing it, you must learn to act it." Dressed in a continental suit and with gray wig, she looked the character. "Now let's act it." Here was my first and only trouble that I ever had with little Mattie. I discovered that she was stubborn. "I can't do that," she said. "Will you try?" "No." It was noon. Lunch would soon be ready. Taking the morning paper and becoming, as it were, deeply interested, I waited for the result. Soon she said, "We are called for lunch."—"We are not hungry," I replied. Mattie decided to go by herself, but the door was locked. She did not cry, as most children would have done, but instead took twenty minutes or more to decide just what was best to be done. Then, after

coughing to attract my attention, said, "Suppose we try it." "All right, Mattie, we will," and she did the act to perfection. Her reputation locally was established, even before she had appeared in public. A deputy of some order came to engage her to appear for the benefit to be given at a hall on West Madison Street. We were quite willing that she should go on, as I looked upon this opportunity as a try-out, and I could easily discover if there were any faults. For lack of time, I had not prepared anything for an encore, so in response to their calls, she jumped off the stage or platform and running to me at the back seat, said: "How did I do, Papa?" This created as much laughter and applause as anything she could have done.

A strange and weird event and quite mysterious was that which occurred during my stay in Chicago. I was walking leisurely along West Madison Street at 3 P. M. when a lady in deep mourning, walking quite briskly, overtook me and was about to pass when I stepped aside. As I did so she vanished. That to me was very strange. Perhaps I was mistaken. Doubtless the reader will agree with me that it was all a mistake. I am willing to let it go as imaginary; but read on and then decide.

Ten, or possibly twenty minutes later, when ar-



WE WATCHED THE MONSTER FOR AN HOUR

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living at my home, I found the two little girls playing on the parlor floor. The weather being warm the doors were open. I walked through two rooms into the kitchen, where I sat down at the table, when little Mattie, four years of age, broke off from her play and said, "Oh, Papa, who is that lady standing by you? She is dressed all in black."

All the statements that I have written or shall write are facts without fiction.

The Theatre Comique was about to open at St. Louis for the season. The Taylor family was engaged too soon, as the place was crowded on the opening night. Mattie was taken with stage fright and bolted, and thus ended our engagement at the Comique. "Never mind, Mattie, a bad beginning is sure to be a good ending." This I have often thought since my experience with House's Nightingale Serenaders. What a brilliant ending there must be in store for me. I secured an old English play which I believed would suit the versatility which eventually would be displayed by Mattie, as she had become an enthusiast since our failure at St. Louis. I had made a banjo and taught her to play. This was to be introduced in the sketch, "The Little Orphan," which would run forty-five minutes. We were engaged at what I believe was called the

Hay Market, formerly occupied by Arlington, Cotton and Kimball's Minstrels. On our way home, the last night of our engagement, a man introduced himself on the street, who would like to engage myself and family. He appointed a time and place of meeting. The next morning I asked who were engaged. "This I am not at liberty to say just at present." "Let me know whom you have, perhaps I can advise you to your advantage." No, he could not tell. We agreed on the salary, but as we are strangers I must have fifty dollars in advance. A fifty-dollar green-back came in sight before my demand was cold. He assured me there would be no rehearsal, as this was Vaudeville and each and every performer knew just what he was expected to do. On taking the train for the place where we were to give the show, I found that there was but one performer among the crowd of ten or twelve who had buncoed this poor fellow out of a thousand dollars. Sam Murdy, the only recognized performer beside my family, returned to Chicago. John Fulton, who claimed to be a relative of Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame, had leased a Theatre in Cleveland, Ohio, and advertised for talent. He wrote to me offering a liberal salary for myself and family. I accepted and took the train. After talking the thing over I decided to

take a sleeper, which was fortunate, as we struck a flat car which wrecked a part of the train, leaving the sleeper standing on the track, with nothing but an experience of a slight jolt.

On our arrival in Cleveland, I went at once to the Theatre, where I found there was something wrong. "Where is Mr. Fulton?" I asked some of the performers standing near. "I think he is in the ticket office." I went and found that he was locked in. He had locked himself in. I knocked and called, "Is Mr. Fulton in there? My name is Taylor and I want to see you." He opened the door, then opened his heart and said, "I came here and leased the Theatre and advertised for talent, who came and have been drawing money until I am broke. Now they refuse to go on, unless I advance more money. What's to be done?" "Have you any printing?" "Yes." "Well, put it out at once. Grand opening Saturday night." This was done, and every one of those people engaged were ready to go on and prove whether they were performers or not. I never discovered, as I paid no attention to them whatever, being satisfied that no man of honor or merit would treat another as Fulton had been treated by them. This Company was short lived and they disappeared. I never saw or heard of any of them since. Fulton was well pleased with

the Taylor Family, and engaged us to go on the road. Clyde, Ohio, was the place chosen where we were to give our first entertainment, independent and alone, being under the management of Mr. John Fulton. Mr. Fulton must leave us there at the hotel for a few days, as he was going after some money due him at Tiffin. I never believed he was dishonest, but unfortunately, as he did not return, something must be done. There was a new hall that had been used but a few times. I found the owner and engaged it for three nights for fifteen dollars. While looking through and planning how to arrange the seats, a gentleman came who wished to rent the hall for a dance. I discovered it was to be a high-toned affair, and I rented the hall to him for fifteen dollars, which was satisfactory to all concerned, myself in particular. I then asked Mrs. Taylor if she had any money. "Yes," she replied, "I have a dollar." I borrowed the dollar and bought a clothesline and some muslin and had painted, "FREE SHOW TO-NIGHT," this had the desired effect. The hall was filled, and we gave the show, or a part of the show. When I explained why we were doing this, and stated that if any one would pass the hat we would go on and finish the entertainment, eighteen dollars was the amount collected. After playing "The

Little Orphan," I announced that on the following night we would give another entertainment with an entire change of programme, admission being free, as to-night. Five of the leading men of the town were waiting for us at the foot of the stairs, as we were about to pass out. "Why do you give your entertainment free?" they wanted to know. I thought I had made it plain when speaking to the people from the stage. "Well, you charge twenty-five cents admission to-morrow night." I did so, and explained to the people why I did so. My receipts were about thirty-five dollars.

JESSE WHISPERS, "I'LL GO NOW AND PUT THE KETTLE ON."

At Shiloh, a little town (I think it was on the railroad) we gave an entertainment for the benefit of the band. They were so well pleased that they engaged and took us to another town ten miles distant; as this was off the railroad, we were taken in the band wagon. The proprietor of the hotel or boarding-house was known as Jesse. He was as good, and kind, and as attentive as it were possible for one to be. While in the most interesting part of "The Little Orphan," Jesse walked up to me on tiptoe and said,

in an undertone, "I'll go and put the tea-kettle on now."

On our return to Chicago, while in the office at the hotel, I was surprised to see Pickering come walking in. After our greeting, I asked why he did not return to Gibraltar or Lisbon. He made excuses, but the principal one, which he had not intended to acknowledge, was Cupid's dart, which had struck him so forcibly that he was not quite sure that there were any such places as Gibraltar and Lisbon. "What are your plans?" I asked. "I want to go to Denver. Can you get a couple of passes?" "Why do you want two? Are you married?" "Yes, I am and I want to go to Denver. Do you think you can get the passes?" "I believe I can. I will try, at any rate." I received the passes, and he and his bride went away rejoicing.

Two years later, John Robinson's Circus came to a town where I happened to be, and as they were making their parade I saw a man in a velvet coat and brass buttons on the band wagon, beating the bass drum, whom I recognized as Dick Doran, an old California acquaintance. While taking dinner with me, among the many questions asked was: "Where have you been all this time?" "In Denver." "Did you see Pickering?" "Yes; he's got two clothing stores."

While at Peoria, Mattie was taken down with diphtheria. "Hurry her home to her grandmother," was the doctor's advice, which was heeded without questioning. Two days later I was attacked by the dread disease, and in one week I was taken home to die, but the time of my departure had not yet come. I believe it was the Winter of 1874 when there was great suffering among the poor people of Chicago. Mattie and I, through sickness, had been out of commission for several weeks. I discovered the grass was short, or, in other words, money was scarce. A manager came to my home and engaged myself and family to perform at a new place about to open on Madison Street, and offered four dollars for each performance to be given.

I hardly knew what to do with so much money, but I accepted the offer, as I was making my plans to go to California, and this would be filling in time until the start. I went to the head business manager and secured two thirds rates for three people over the Union Pacific to California, with the privilege of taking any train and stopping at any station where we could give a show. My printing consisted of one hanger, and I had seventy-five cents in cash after paying my fares to the first station. While in conversation with a man

on the train I found they had a band in the town, the name of which I think was Liverpool. Here we were to stop.

The Mayor of the town was leader of the band. He was the man I wanted to see. On our arrival at 8 o'clock P. M. there was a snow storm. After registering and securing rooms I asked for the Mayor's address. I found that he lived a mile and a half from town. "I must see him to-night, as I take the early train in the morning," was my bluff. A boy offered to pilot me to the Mayor's house for twenty-five cents. This I paid and found the Mayor, who came to the door in his night gown. I talked as low as possible, as I wanted to get in out of the cold. He began to shiver and then said, "Come in. What is your object in making this offer?" "Well, I have a little girl whose reputation is being established, and I want every one to see her, and when seen, she will be admired. She is a marvelous child and an emotional actress. I would rather have the Theatre filled and make \$50.00 than to have it half filled and make \$75.00. That is why I am making you this offer, that is, you furnish the Theatre, the band, such printing as may be necessary, and pay our hotel bill and you take one-half the re-

ceipts. We will pay our railroad fare and give the show. You can have your own man at the door and another in the ticket office, and if this show is not just as I represent it to be you keep all the money." "I will see you in the morning at ten o'clock," was his reply. We met at the time and place agreed upon. As we were about to enter the printing office, he hesitated. The proprietor happened to come in. "How are you, Taylor? I was in to see your show the other night." "Were you? I wish you would tell this gentleman what you think of it." "It's the finest little show I ever saw." That settled it. We gave the performance and received our share. I have forgotten the amount.

"What is the verdict?" I asked the Mayor. "It is fine, Mr. Taylor, fine." "Will you say that in writing?" "Yes, and be glad to." The letter was written and signed by every member of the band.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, the local paper gave us the following write-up: "The performance by the Taylor family, for simplicity, chastity, fidelity to nature and artistic ability has never been equalled in Lincoln."

I had received a letter from Warren Muchmore, a fine young man who desired to join us as

advance agent, for he felt that office work was injuring his health. He proved to be a splendid man, and remained with us a year or more.

On starting him out, my instructions were: "Go on, use your own judgment, do the best you can for us, and where there is an opportunity to give a benefit take it, as we have nothing to go on. By so doing we will have more people to witness our performance and build up a reputation for little Mattie." Muchmore made it in the first town; a benefit for a graveyard. A new fence was needed. On our arrival, the town band was at the depot to receive us. We gave the benefit for building a fence around the graveyard, which I looked upon as an extravagant waste of money, for no one goes there until they have to, and when they get there, they can't get out; so what is the use of the fence?

At Cheyenne he was a week ahead, but could do nothing with McDanals who owned the Theatre, and was running a variety show in another building. "How much do you want for your Theatre?" I asked. "Fifty dollars a night." "Let's go and look at it." "No, sir, I don't unlock the door until I get my pay." "I don't want to steal your Theatre." "I'll give you an engagement at the Variety Theatre." "McDanals, you don't want us there." "Why?" "I

don't think our performance would suit the patrons of the place." "That's all right. I'll give you an engagement for a week." "All right, McDanals, I'll take an engagement for a week." "How much do you want?" "Two hundred dollars." Throwing up both hands, he exclaimed, "That's more than I'm paying all of my Company." "We are probably worth more than all of your Company, from the fact that every one has seen them." "All right, Taylor, I'll pay you two hundred. Be it understood, I run no bar bill." "All right. We must have a dressing-room by ourselves." "Is there anything else you want?" "No, nothing but my money at the end of the week." I received my money, and said, "Mr. McDanals, you should have put us in your Theatre. There is not a family in town that would fail to see us." "How do you know?" "I have been told that by several of your citizens." "How much do you want for one night?" he asked. "One half." This was satisfactory, and we both did well.

In a small town where there was but one brick building, that being a store, and having a dead wall, I went in and asked for, and got permission to paste one of my bills a hanger on the wall. While spreading the paste a man, tall, good-looking and well-dressed, stood looking on until !

had finished the work, then said, "You take that down." "Why, I have just put it up." "Well, you take it down." "I asked permission to put that bill up and there it is. I shall not take it down."

Sidney, Nebraska, the nearest place in touch with the Black Hills, is not to be forgotten. "Don't stop here," was the advice of an Indian fighter, who confronted me as soon as I stepped out of the train. "Why not?" "Well, this is the toughest hole you ever got into." From the appearance of things generally, I was satisfied he had not exaggerated in his description of the place or people; as I had a long jump to my next stand, and the train going west would be 4 o'clock A. M., I resolved to give a show. "I am here, and I feel that I am well protected."

MATTIE IN "THE LITTLE ORPHAN."

This called to my mind what I heard when a boy, that is, the best protection a man can have is a woman, and the best protection a woman can have is a baby. I felt that I had the goods although the baby was now six years of age. This remarkable child was admired and loved by all who chanced to witness her clever delineation of character. She was an emotional actress.

This was proven beyond a doubt, when in The Little Orphan, by her pleading forgiveness for some slight misdemeanor, those tough men discovered they had a heart and some of them could be seen leaving the hall with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. I heard one say as he passed out with others, "I can't stand that."

The performance concluded, our five trunks were standing on the platform in the rain, the train was on a side track three-fourths of a mile away. What's to be done? There were no express or other carts. I must get on the train. It was a freight and the one we came in. "We'll take your trunks to the train," these very bad men said. "Get on and we'll carry you." "No, thank you, I can walk." I was anxious to show my appreciation of their kindness, and I ventured to say after my trunks were out in the caboose, "Gentlemen, how much do I owe you?" "Hold on, Taylor, we don't want to be insulted." "Well, will you take a drink?" "Yes, of course we will." I had found and struck the lost chord.

THE WIGS AND THE GREAT SCALPER.

On our arrival at Green River, the sun for the first time in two weeks, came out bright and warm. This made us feel, that we had, as it

were, a new lease of life; and as our wardrobe, more especially our wigs, were damp and in bad condition, this was our opportunity to give them a sun dry. Accordingly I placed them in the window at the Hotel and depot. An Indian watched me for a few minutes and then started off quite briskly and in half an hour returned with at least twenty braves, who looked with astonishment on the great number of scalps that I carried. Then to satisfy their curiosity, I walked up and down the landing to be admired. I really began to feel that I was somebody. I felt that my clothes were fitting more closely, that my hat was too small, and I then recalled my happy boyhood days when I was known as General Taylor.

Our next stand was San Francisco. After one week rest and visiting my friends and relatives I began the work that I had planned before leaving Chicago. I engaged Platt's Hall on Montgomery Street for one week. Al Walcot with his band and orchestra was the only attraction I had to offer outside of my family. This engagement proved to be a great success. We secured what we were after, i. e., the newspaper notices. I went to the office of every paper in the City making my business known and presenting six complimentaries in each office, accompanied

with a request that if this is a good show, give us a good notice; if you think it is not up to the standard, then let us down as easy as possible. I found someone in every office who remembered me, when I was manager for Maguire at the Academy of Music. Perhaps that fact strengthened their desire to give me a lift. At any rate I got the notices which proved of great advantage wherever we appeared. At the close of this engagement, I had prepared to make my return East, as Mrs. Taylor was desirous of being with her mother, whose health was failing. I ordered twenty thousand programs in leaflet form, which contained notices from all the San Francisco papers.

I WISH I WAS IN MISSOURI.

While crossing the Sacramento Valley we met the stage which had left the town where we expected to perform. The driver asked if we were going to stop there. "We may." "Well, look out for the old woman." "What old woman?" "The Landlady. She's a terror." "Where is she from?" I asked. "Missouri." The weather being extremely warm, the roads dusty and twenty-five miles to make, the situation could not be classed as a joy ride, but it gave

me ample time to think of the Landlady and how to approach her. It so happened that she was not present when we arrived. Soon after brushing up, we were seated in the parlor, and a very tall, angular lady with piercing black eyes came in. After a sharp look at each of us, she took her seat as if to read the rules and regulations. I stretched my arms and yawning, said, "I wish I was back in Missouri." She brightened up, and said, "Are you from Missouri?" "Yes, Marm." She brought a pitcher of ice water and conducted myself and wife to the parlor bedroom.

At Nevada City, Cal., among the many who remembered me, one said, "How did you like the pipe?" "What pipe?" "The one that Ely gave you." "Was that your pipe?" "Yes, and Ely is my brother, but it's all right, if you will open a bottle of wine we'll call it square." This I did.

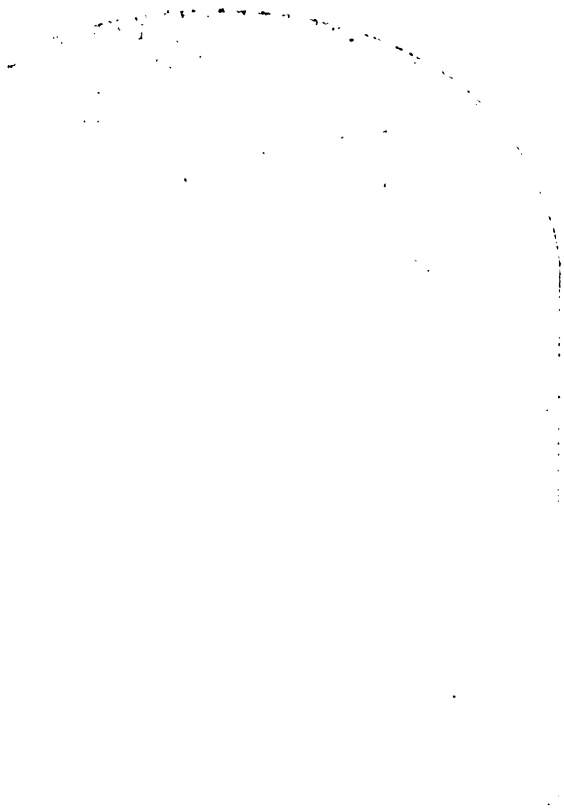
ON OUR WAY TO MONTANA.

At Ogden we gave two performances and were to send Muchmore, our agent, on East. I met some friends who advised me to go to Montana. "The Indians are on the war path, I hear." "We just came from there and the stage is mak-



LITTLE MATTIE

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ing regular time." "If you can make it and get through, you will make big money." After due consideration and consultation we decided to take the risk and to secure a private conveyance. This was more easily said, than done. After two days' search we found the man who had two good horses and a dead ox wagon. He would take us along for five dollars a day and expenses, with the usual outfit, such as frying pans, ham, flour, beans, canned fruit, fish line, a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of Perry Davis' pain-killer. The whiskey and Perry Davis' pain-killer saved Muchmore's life, as he was taken with cramps and doubled up the first night out. We started on this perilous journey. On our arrival at Virginia City, which was our first stand, we found there was a magician who had just finished his engagement, therefore the hall was in good shape for our reception.

The Theatre was of good size and I believed that every man, woman, and child of the town were present, as there was no standing room, when the curtain went up. While the performance was going on, two men presumably from the Black Hills came in on horseback, stopped at a wash house and killed two Chinamen, then went to the grocer's near the Theatre, where they entered and asked the grocer how long he had

lived there. "Three years," he replied. They drew their guns and commenced to shoot saying, "You've been here long enough." He escaped uninjured.

On our arrival at Helena, I met many old acquaintances and was strongly reminded of early days in California, public gambling in full blast, many fine musicians engaged and living apparently in the lap of luxury. As is customary on such occasions, I must do the grand, and that means: everybody take a drink. "What's the chances in show business?" I asked. "If you've got a good show, you'll do well. You won't do anything the first night." "Is that so? We only play one night." "What, come away up here to play one night?" "That's what I mean, if you don't give me a good opening. I've got a good show, but we can't please to empty benches, so if you would like to see us and would like to have us remain, come to-morrow night." We remained and played ten nights. Our reputation was established. We were greeted with large and fashionable audiences, and in many places we were told that people who had never before attended a theatrical performance were to see us, whenever we came around. The Deer Lodge Paper stated that a lady who witnessed the performance voiced the sentiments of

the people by saying, "Oh, dear, I wish they would stay always and play every night."

At Butte a Jewish merchant asked what I would take for my receipts for the first night. "Make an offer," was my reply. \$250.00 he offered. "I'll not take it. Make it \$400.00 and perhaps we can do business." "You'll not take in that amount." "Won't I? Come on and see and be surprised." He did, and was.

While playing at Bozeman we saw eight soldiers and an officer come marching in, and we were told this was all that was left of a Company that was enlisted in this town. They had been in some hard Indian fights. This was about the time of the Custer Massacre.

A comedy company consisting of four young men, who were said to be quite clever, came to town and as I had the only suitable place for them to give their show, I sent my agent to them with an offer of the use of the hall for one night free. I had a stage carpet that I carried with me. Seeing one of the members I mentioned the fact that my carpet was on the stage and they could use it if they wished. His reply was: "You'll have to see the manager about that."

At a stage station in Prickly Pear Canyon, we remained over night. It was a fine place, everything as neat and clean as could be desired.

The meals served were excellent. There was a jolly lot of frontiersmen in a half circle around the biggest fireplace I ever saw. There were clouds of smoke, not from the chimney but from the pipes and cigars, as they were relating their blood curdling experiences and hair breadth escapes from instant death; then they told of the bear and other wild game right here in this immediate vicinity. All this I believed to be for my special benefit, as they had evidently taken me for a tenderfoot and wanted to give me a good scare. The next morning I believed every word they had said, when a tremendous black bear crossed our path. In stopping at a Station and general supply store on the road where we watered the horses, I noticed a small alcohol lantern, an article which I never expected to have any use for, but I bought it because it was pretty; however, I firmly believe that through buying that lantern, that our lives were saved, for it was but a short time after, when we were caught out after dark in a blizzard. This needs no explanation to any who have had such an experience. About nine o'clock P. M., we came to a house where we were entertained and made welcome. We were nearly frozen, but the large open fireplace and a hot supper brought us out all right. We complimented the lady on her

pleasant manner of receiving us, and the fine meal served. "Why, this house is built like a fort," I said. "Yes," replied the lady, "this was built by Jack Slade." This gentleman was hung by the vigilance committee, so we were told.

I think it was in 1876 when the epidemic was in Memphis. The cholera was raging and the people were asking assistance in the way of money, food, clothing and medicine. The people of Montana who were generous to a fault, were willing and anxious to do what they could for the sufferers. So great was their desire to assist in the good work that quite a rivalry was shown among the leaders of business men of the several cities.

I was performing in Butte when the County Clerk said to me, "Taylor, you ought to do something for this cause in the way of charity." "Of course, I should but no one has mentioned the thing to me." "What will you give?" "I will give more than any one man in town." "Senator Clark is interested. Did you know that?" "I will give more than Clark will. I can't give as much as he can, but I will give more than he will." "And what will that be?" "Two-thirds of my receipts for one night, and you can see the business that I am doing." They chose

Saturday night and secured the school house for that night. The hall was filled, and not one man came to look after the money, so I stood at the door taking in gold, silver and paper, and dropping it into my overcoat pocket, where it remained until Sunday P. M. when I found the clerk and counted out something over two hundred dollars for his share.

At the close of the performance, as the curtain was being lowered Senator Clark made a very pretty speech in behalf of the people, thanking the Taylor troupe for their generosity in giving this splendid performance for charity's sake, and assured me I could always find friends in Montana. To all this I replied that if we had succeeded in pleasing the people with our performance we were amply repaid.

Four days later the Clerk said to me, "Mr. Taylor, you remain here in Montana. We all like you so. You stay here and become one of us." "What could I do if I remained here?" "What would you like to do?" "I would build a hotel." "We will build it for you. The hotel where I am staying is for sale. We'll buy it for you." "If I had a hotel I would have a Theatre adjoining." "We will build it for you. I am authorized to make this offer." I did not accept this most generous offer which is a pleas-

ant remembrance; such as many I have had through my fifty years experience, and they generally come when I am doing well. I am happy to feel that I have friends at all times and under all circumstances.

On our way to the races forty miles distant we passed the celebrated Alder gulch where the richest gold mine ever discovered up to that time was located. This mine was so immensely rich that five men who made the discovery and had taken out such a vast amount they dare not attempt to carry it away without protection; so they engaged an ambulance and twenty U. S. soldiers as guards and guides to the head of navigation from whence they took boat down the river. We were told that one of the party bought two Mississippi passenger steamers and another was back in Montana working by the day. We had not been in a town for several days where an Express or P. O. money order could be had and I had about fifteen hundred dollars in green backs. It was not a large wad as there were but few small bills.

THE GENTLEMAN LOOKING FOR HIS SADDLE.

Mattie had a beautiful doll which was most tenderly cared for. I enriched the doll by se-

creting the greenbacks in and around its clothing. At the races we were given a room or shed at the Hotel. This room was originally a porch and now it was boarded in and made a room for the Taylor family. The room was twenty feet long and eight feet wide, having two doors opening outward, one on each end. No lock or bolt on either but instead each had a homemade wooden handle. A brilliant thought flashed upon my sleepy brain. I will fasten the doors together and no one can enter without pulling the opposite door down and into the room. I secured the rope but found it was a few inches short so I cut it in two pieces and tied each piece to the opposite door. I then took the only chair and tied it up in the center, leaving the chair swinging in space as if prepared for some gymnastic feat. We went to bed and slept soundly as we felt quite safe, but at five o'clock in the morning we were quite surprised when a gentleman with an immense mustache and highly colored nose walked through a door situated directly opposite our bed. This door we had not discovered as it opened inward. "Excuse me," said the gentleman, "I am looking for my saddle." We excused him and we were very willing to do so.

At the races two men made a bet and asked

Mattie to hold the stake. She did so. It was a small amount; about twenty dollars. A dispute arose and each agreed the best way to settle it was to let Mattie keep the money.

Our driver was a man of very few words and no one suspicioned he had a humorous vein, but when he heard that Jack Slade built this house, he replied, "Well, well, this is the house that Jack built."

On our return to Ogden we rested for a week, being undecided whether to go East or return to San Francisco. We finally decided on the latter, and took the train straight through.

R. A. Cunningham, a man of some experience in show business, applied for the position of advance agent. I went to John Marshall, the Circus man, formerly of Lee & Marshall's Circus, and asked if Cunningham would make a good agent. His recommend was as follows: "He will work for you night and day. He has no head. You tell him what to do and he'll do it. You can trust him, he is honest, but he's the d—— liar you ever saw."

I shall give positive proof of the accuracy of the above later on. And although this recommendation could not be considered as first class, I felt in duty bound to engage him, as it was through him I secured Henry Mehden, and his

three adopted sons. Andy Chase of Kohler & Chase recommended Mehden thus: "He is a fine musician, and he has those boys drilled to perfection, but you must watch him. He is tricky." After hearing him and the boys play, I asked how much he wanted a week. He did not know. The next day he stated the price. "Well, Professor, before I engage you, I want to know if you will remain with me during the season." "Of course I will." "Very well, I'll order the printing." This I did and in such a way, it could be used even should he leave me without a day's notice on the road. All went well for ten days, when he demanded a raise in his salary. I stood the raise; six weeks later, he demanded another raise. I stood for it. I could not afford to let them go. They were a strong attraction. A few weeks later he tried the third time and I allowed him five dollars a week more than the amount he demanded: "But remember, Mehden," said I, "this is the last time your salary will be raised." In the meantime, I had dressed the two smaller boys up in neat suits and each with a watch and chain.

While at Butte, one day as usual the band wagon was driven up to the hotel. Mehden had disappeared. When found, he had no excuse to

offer. Then Cunningham said, "Get in the wagon, you — — —" and while Cunningham's vocabulary was being exhausted Mehden deemed it advisable to get in and toot his horn. All went well until we reached Bozeman, when Cunningham came to my room to say that Mehden was about to leave us. "Is that so?" "Yes, he has some printing in his room under the bed. He's going out with his boys." I tried to dissuade him from leaving me, as we were through for the season. We would all go to San Francisco after playing in three more towns. He left us and soon realized his mistake.

On our first trip to Blackfoot we were caught out in a very dark night and as we were without a lantern we looked for, and finally discovered, a dim light in the distance. "Who's there," was the response to my knock. "A friend; we are on our way to Blackfoot and came to inquire the road." "You can't go to Blackfoot to-night. You will fall into some prospect hole if you attempt it." "Can we stop here to-night?" "No, we have no room." "Can't you make room for my wife and child?" "Wait a minute, I'll see." We were made quite comfortable. Mehden and his boys were given a place in the barn which gave satisfaction. Before breakfast their little girl said to me in the morning, "We are doin'

to have Toffy. Dot it at Miss Bown's." This the mother explained. They got their coffee for our special benefit. They never kept it in the house. We were served with a fine breakfast, and as we were ready to leave, I asked how much we were indebted. "Nothing at all. We are glad you stopped with us." "This is the Taylor Troupe. We play at Blackfoot to-morrow night. Come and see us and bring as many of your friends as you wish. Don't buy any tickets, but come right to the door." He came and bought tickets for twelve at the hotel. I learned later that he was a U. S. Senator. He was there looking after his mining interests. We passed their place several times and there was always something to offer if they saw us; such as a loaf of hot bread, a pan of doughnuts, mince or apple pie, anything to show their kindly feelings.

On our return to Ogden, we decided to go through New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona. At Silver City, N. M., we were putting up our curtains in a room which was formerly a dance hall, when two men were being tried for murder. The son and the mother's paramour had murdered the father. The son had confessed. The paramour was wearing the father's vest and watch.

When about to leave, the Sheriff took the numbers of my watch. A few miles out, when passing through a cluster of tall chaparral, we were told this is the place where the stage is stopped, if there is any business on hand. There was some business on hand the day after we passed through. I never learned the result or nature of the business.

At a military station (I have forgotten the name) we were entertained by the Commanding Officer, an excellent gentleman. He told of the great danger of crossing the river Rio Grande; his narrow escape when crossing in an ambulance with his wife and babe, and a large amount of money to pay the Troops. One of the finest drivers in the army managed to get across with his family and the leaders; the wheelers, the wagon and the money were never seen after. This was anything but comforting to us, as we must cross in a few days. "I suppose you will come to our entertainment?" "No, my wife is not feeling well." "Will you come?" "No, I must cross in a few days. I suppose you will not believe it." "You'll excuse me, but I want to tell you that if you don't, you will be mad at yourself for the next two weeks." He became interested and was around to see me while I was busy putting up my curtain and a scene of my own

painting. "Say, Taylor, if your play is no better than your scenery, I shall be mad at myself if I do come." "I'm not advertising a panorama." "All right, I'll come." He and his wife came. They were the last to leave the hall. When I asked, "What's the verdict?" his reply was, "The finest that has ever been here."

THEY ARE GOING TO HANG YOU.

The rent of the hall in Phoenix was thirty dollars. They refused Mexican dollars as there was a discount on them. "Very well if you won't take your own, how can you expect others to accept it?" "I will charge one dollar and fifteen cents admission to my show." I thought no more of it until Harvey Lake came thundering down the street on horseback with a crowd of men following and Harvey hallooing: "Joe Taylor." I went out on the veranda, when he saw me, he said, "Come down here, quick." I went and on reaching the sidewalk I noticed quite a gathering of excited men. "What's the matter, Harvey?" "They are going to hang you." "Hang me? What for?" "Well, they said no d——d Californian shall come down here and refuse to take our money."

I explained the whole conversation that passed

between the Theatre manager and myself, which was satisfactory and they decided to hang the other fellow. I really believe they would have carried this threat into execution were it not that the other fellow came to me with an apology. "Where are you going from here?" was asked. "Prescott," I answered. "Don't go there. You'll do nothing in that place. The grass is growing in the middle of the streets." "Well, gentlemen, if I ever go to France, I shall surely go to Paris and as Prescott is the Capital of Arizona, I am going to Prescott." Had I known the strong sentiment existing against Prescott and the still stronger desire the people of Phoenix had of making this the Capital, I should have been less, much less positive. We remained in Prescott one week, gave four performances and came out eight hundred dollars ahead. On our opening night Mrs. General Fremont (Jessy Fremont) was present and from her way of expression, one would think she really enjoyed the performance. As they were passing out, Cunningham who was at the door, asked if they were pleased with the performance. In reply, Mrs. Fremont said, "We are more than pleased. I have attended entertainments in all parts of the world and I never in my life enjoyed an evening's entertainment so much as this." I am

quite sure she meant every word she said, for she was there every night. The City Clerk came with a request that we give another entertainment. I'm not sure of the amount he was authorized to offer as a guarantee for one more performance. I refused to accept as we had played four nights, giving almost an entire change nightly, and I did not like to repeat. It is like telling a funny story, and when the listeners laugh, to tell it over. Mrs. Fremont sent with her compliments, a large frosted cake lettered, "An Arizona Bouquet for little Mattie."

ON A BUCKBOARD CROWDED AMONG MAIL BAGS AND DUST.

We rode from Prescott to Fort Yuma on a buckboard and oh, such a ride. We were cramped up among mail bags with the sun beating down on us, and the dust rolling into our laps. It was enough to make me wish I was back in Missouri. On our arrival at Yuma, which, by the way, is said to be the hottest place in the world, after a bath, a shave, and an hour's rest with a little sleep, I was prepared for most anything except the surprise which was about to come. While seated at the dinner table, a waiter came to take our order.

Mrs. Taylor had given hers and as I looked up to give mine, the waiter and I recognized each other. "What does this mean?" I asked. "How are you, Taylor?" He was a millionaire when we left San Francisco. He was here trying to save his home which was one of the finest in San Francisco. He lost in mining speculations.

While seated at the dinner table, Mattie saw and admired a napkin ring, a man rolling a barrel. When next she saw it, it was at her plate and "Mattie" engraved on it.

While on a train that ran but a short distance a gentleman came in the smoker where I was enjoying a cigar. He sat by me and asked for a light. "Which way are you going?" he asked. "I have about decided to return to S. F." "When you get to the junction you leave the train and go to Tombstone." "What for?" "To build a Theatre." "Are you aware that it takes money to build a Theatre?" "I'll furnish the money," was his reply. "Then I must get a suitable location." "I have the most suitable lot in town for that purpose." This certainly was a most liberal offer which I would have accepted were it not that three days prior, I had heard that diphtheria was raging in Tombstone. Mattie was more to me than Tombstone

and all its wealth. The millionaire waiter at Fort Yuma told of his friend's experience, who was also a multi-millionaire and the friend's wife had a small fortune, with four beautiful daughters and two sons, all fine looking, highly cultured and very ambitious. The children were all in their teens and the parents were determined they should have all the advantages in schooling, therefore private teachers in all branches were engaged by the year at liberal salaries, and to make all complete, they must build a schoolhouse; by so doing, they could assist some of their neighbors without extra expense. He speculated largely in mining stock. He is living in the schoolhouse now.

At Fort Yuma as there was no suitable place to give our entertainments, and as the weather was extremely hot, we decided to return at once to San Francisco, and there if I could get rates, together with the privilege of stop over at Honolulu and Auckland, we would go to Australia. Thereupon, on our arrival I went at once to the S. S. Companies' office to find if they would grant my request. I wanted rates for three and a half people, i. e., Mrs. Taylor, Mattie, Cunningham, and myself.

They must wire to the head office in New York before giving an answer. Come in to-morrow



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"DON'T STOP HERE"

and we will let you know. On my return I was told they would give us two thirds rates. I then asked if they would allow me a stop over at Honolulu and Auckland. They replied, "Most positively, no. When you leave the ship, your voyage is ended." "Then we can't go. We are not tourists nor invalids traveling for our health. As we are show people we must stop where there are people to patronize us." "Come in again to-morrow." "All right, thank you." I came, and this time I was told they would allow us to stop off at Auckland but not at Honolulu; but, he added, "The ship runs in at Honolulu and you will probably have time to give a show." This suited me, and I bought the tickets then and there. We now had eight days to prepare our printing and to say Good-bye to old friends. We were first class cabin passengers, notwithstanding we paid but two thirds fare. The cabin was well filled with very agreeable and sociable ladies and gentlemen. After becoming acquainted they had their jokes often at the expense of one another; such as nick names given through the oddity or some peculiarity of dress or action. One young man was known as the New York Watch-chain, another as the Los Angeles Orange, etc.

When nearing Honolulu we found that by

quick work we could go ashore and give a show, so I started Cunningham off as soon as possible with instructions what to do. I'll have the trunks ready to take to the Theatre as soon as you return, so hurry along. I waited in vain. He was too late and when I saw him, I was sorry he was not left, as he was too drunk to walk straight or speak plain. His fun cost me between three and four hundred dollars. I never asked for an explanation. In fact I never mentioned the circumstances; the disgrace, the disappointment to the passengers, who were coming in a body, was humiliating to me. I was well and favorably known in Honolulu having been there several times prior to this. "Why didn't you leave him?" some of the passengers said. "I would, if I could have gotten the money back that I paid for his fare." At Auckland the ship remained but two hours. Just enough time to take on and discharge passengers and freight.

IN AUSTRALIA.

On our approach to the harbor of Auckland I stood with our little band on the upper deck, with this thought: "Here is a place where no one will know me." When the gang plank was made fast, some of the passengers went ashore, others

came on board. I heard one say, "Good-bye, Perkins." The next minute I had his hand. "Well, how are you Perkins?" "How are you, Joe?" "The last time I saw you was on the wharf in San Francisco, when you were going to China with the Backus party." "Where are you going, Perkins?" "I am going to Sydney." "All right, I'll see you there." "Good-bye," and off he went. I was told the Star was the leading hotel, so I ordered my trunks taken there, after the customs officers had gone through them. When seated for our first meal at the Star we noticed on the bill of fare, partridge, quail or some other wild game. Mrs. Taylor ordered some. The waiter said, "It's high." "I don't care how high it is, I want some." She thought he meant the price was high.

Cunningham went to see Delias, the only manager who had the only Theatre in Auckland. Cunningham returned, saying, "Taylor, you will have to see that man, for I can't do anything with him. He wants it all." "Well, Mr. Delias, I see I can't do any business with you, so I will bid you good-day." "What are you going to do?" he asked. "Oh, I don't know. If we can't find a place to play here, we will go to Sydney." I engaged the Guild Hall for one week and when I went to get a piano or organ, I found that Delias

had engaged and was paying rent for every one in town. I played all the music on the banjo. We remained and gave six performances to good business. Teddy Hagarth, an English actor, who had been in New Zealand and Australia for many years engaged us to go up to Wycata, paid \$250.00 and all expenses for two performances. This place was said to be within thirty miles of where no white man had ever been. On the first night, there were no white people in the hall, none but half-clad Mowies, wild-eyed and half crazed from drink. They came up and sat on the edge of the stage, and made so much noise, we could not be heard; if we could, it were doubtful if we could be understood. They listened attentively to Mattie's drumming and some of our singing. On the next night there were none but white people. It was a splendid audience.

After our return to Auckland, Hagarth gave me the route and just how to avoid the rain, while in Australia.

MINERS THROWING THEIR HATS IN THE AIR.

Before you leave here, you should go to the Thames (pronounced Tems). We went and found it to be a mining camp, very dull in ap-

pearance, but we did well. The reception given me as I appeared on the stage was quite a surprise. There were twenty or more old California miners who threw their hats in the air and yelled, "Go it Joe, old 49."

We arrived in Sydney unheralded and as I had discovered that Mr. Cunningham was not the man to send in advance, I must take my time and do my own managing. Had we given our entertainment in Honolulu the situation would have been quite different here, for every passenger on the steamer was anxious to see us perform, and they would advertise to such an extent, that we would have opened to a crowded house.

I engaged Guild Hall for two weeks where we did passably well and then decided to go overland to Melbourne, which was on a route not much travelled by large Companies as the railroad was not finished through, there being a gap of seventy miles. We did well in most of the towns en route as we had good notices from the Sydney papers. In one place they refused us accommodations at the Hotel. I tried the next best. No, they had no room for us. I then went to a boarding house kept by a widow lady and asked if she would be so kind as to take us in, for the night. I told her plainly, they would not take

us at either of the Hotels. She smilingly said, "Why, yes, if you can put up with such as we have." I assured her we would be very willing to try, and that we were also willing to pay for what we may receive. That night to my surprise, the Theatre was crowded to the doors, and no explanation being offered until on our return from Melbourne. Then we were told that two men came along just before us and had advertised to give some sort of a show. They left tickets in the office at the Hotel, then stole them, and when they came to settle their bill, they held out the amount due, on the price of the stolen tickets, and that was the reason we were refused accommodations at the Hotel, and could not get an instrument for the hall. On this our return trip we were treated royally. We were greeted with open arms and as I supposed it was all because we had no opportunity to steal any tickets.

On our arrival in Melbourne I called on Al Hayman & Co., Theatrical Managers, who had quite a number of Theatres in Australia and New Zealand. I wanted to come under their management, strengthen my Company and make a contract to remain with them during our stay in the country. Mr. Garnet Walsh, the playwright, well known for his talent in that line, and an all around good fellow, was to have his yearly bene-

fit just about the time of our arrival and asked if I would volunteer and help him out on this occasion. "Certainly I will. This is just what I want." We went on and made a most decided hit. The Melbourne papers came out with most flattering notices. Mattie, they said was the most wonderful child actress ever seen on the Melbourne stage. No child since the days of Anna Maria Quin could compare with her. Another paper said, "As an emotional actress, she is a remarkable child." Another paper said, "Her banjo, bones and drum playing can not be excelled." Still another, "Until we saw Mattie Taylor, we thought that Maggie Moore could dance a jig."

Hayman discovered he had made a mistake by refusing to take me under his management. In a large building known as Temperance Hall, entertainments are given by, and for the temperance organization, being assisted by any outside attraction that can be engaged for the occasion. Saturday night is the only one in which they perform. They wanted myself and family but we could not agree on the price. Fifty dollars for a part or all of the show, was all that I demanded. They thought that too much. Well, give me fifteen dollars and the use of the hall on the following Monday night, and allow me to announce

from the stage that we would give the entire performance on that date. "We will gladly accept your offer, Mr. Taylor, but I will tell you, you will do nothing on that night, as people never go there only on the Saturday night." "I will take the chance on that. I believe they will come, because the prices are less than at the Theatre." I made the announcement, and expected a fair attendance. To my surprise and delight the hall was well filled. Something over \$200.00 was taken in at the office at reduced prices.

Mrs. Lewis, actress and manager, had been drilling for some months a Juvenile Pinafore Company. Mattie was wanted to take the part of little Buttercup. Mrs. Lewis offered twenty-five dollars for the first week and to raise five dollars on every week as long as the show run. I discovered Mrs. Lewis had another child who was studying the part and was ready to take Mattie's place whenever Mrs. Lewis was satisfied she could play the part. The lady never did, nor ever intended to give the five dollars extra, therefore, I took Mattie away from her.

After reading Denman Thompson's famous play, "Joshua Whitcomb," Garnet Walsh pronounced it good, but he said it is too short. It has no finish. It needs another act. "Can you write it for me?" "Yes, I can and will."



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THEY LOOKED WITH ASTONISHMENT

"What will you charge?" "Nothing." Walsh wrote it for me and on my arrival at New Castle, I put it on, with a Company of English actors. The play was a success, but the playing was a failure. They did not appear to understand the characters, therefore they could not portray them. I met Thompson in San Francisco on my return. He wanted to know about it and I told him just as it was.

In Gelon, a small interior town, I became acquainted with Gus Pierce from Malden, Mass. He had been away from home thirty years. He exacted a promise from me that if ever I went to Boston I would hunt up his people. When shaking hands, "Good-bye," he said, "d——m it, Taylor, I'm sorry I met you." "Sorry; why?" "Because I shall feel so bad after you are gone."

Being flushed with success, I had forgotten all about the advice given by Teddy Hagarth at Auckland, and went directly opposite to his instruction, when too late, I discovered the mistake. We started at the wrong time. On our return to Sydney, and after a rest of two weeks, we again started at the wrong time on our way to Brisbane.

During our stay in Sydney we took a cottage that Mattie could have rest and quiet. I had a room by myself, in which the foot of the bed

was facing the window, ten feet distant. One night or morning I was resting quietly when I discovered a man coming through the window. "Come around by the door if you wish to come in," was my advice. In making mention of this to the landlord, I said, "It was a good thing for the fellow that I was without a pistol." "Oh," he replied, "you must do nothing of that kind in this country." "What! when you see a man breaking into your house in the dead hour of night? What must you do?" "Catch him, and give him to the officers of the law. They will attend to him." I believe it was better for me, than the other fellow, that I was without a pistol, for I would surely have taken a shot at him, with the result of placing me on the retired list for the remainder of my life in Tasmania, better known as Van Diemen's Land, where we went soon after, to give our entertainment. I planned to be at Hobart Town on Saturday night; this being considered by show people in all parts of the world to be the best time for their business. We opened and played to a miserably poor house, but we went on, and did the best we could to please those who came. On our return to the hotel, Mrs. Taylor discovered that she had lost a diamond from her ring. I returned to the Theatre and told the janitor not to

sweep the stage, and asked why it was that we had such a poor attendance. He assured me the people never turned out on Saturday. On Sunday morning Mrs. Taylor and I went to the Theatre and took our places on the stage, exactly as we had the night before. We found the diamond at once. On Monday night we played to a large and highly appreciative audience, nearly all the reserved seats being taken.

George Bromley, a performer of local fame, would like to go out with us. If not to perform, he would go as agent. He knew of a town where we could do well. "All right, Bromley, take some printing and go ahead, and we will follow you." He went and billed the town splendidly, to the great delight and advantage of the Company who had the hall engaged. He did not appear to understand that to give a show, one must first engage the Theatre, and then do the advertising in another town of his choosing. The business was poor.

Val Stocker was recommended as an artist of ability, but unfortunately he was a drinking man, and sometimes he took more than enough for one load. "I don't want any such man in my Company." "Would you like to hear him play?" "Yes." He came and played, and with me he made a decided hit. I found him to be

a pleasant and cultured gentleman, who was educated for the priesthood. He would like to engage with me, and would be pleased to instruct Mattie in music. "But I am told you are a heavy drinker. That will not do for me." "Mr. Taylor, if you will take me along, I am sure you will never have cause for regret or complaint." I took him along and he did splendidly for a short time.

Father Chiniquy, formerly a Catholic priest, we met in several places, but whenever or wherever it was, our business was poor, as he proved to be the attraction.

A KANGAROO LUNCH.

I received a special request to come and give two performances at Parramatta. A man applied for the position of pianist. There being no instrument in my room, I did not ask to hear him play. Not doubting his ability, I engaged him, saying, "We take the early morning train." He was on hand and on our arrival at Parramatta, we went at once to the hall for rehearsal, where we found he could not play the music set before him. "Who told you that you could play the piano?" I asked. He thought he could play the piano. I paid his fare back to Sydney

on the next train. I now engaged Harry McMahan, solo cornet player and Alice May, violinist, and with Cunningham started on our road to Brisbane, seven hundred miles by stage and wagon, whichever we were fortunate enough to catch. The rain commenced about the time we made the start and remained with us almost incessantly until our arrival in Brisbane. There was a rush for a tin mine which was fifteen miles off our road. All agreed that we should go there. We started and on reaching about half the distance, we were mired and there we remained until we found we had enough, and then by dint of good luck, a man with two draft horses pulled us out, and we returned to the main road. While working there wet, cold and hungry, a young man on horseback came along. When told that he lived but three miles distance, I asked if he would go and get something for us to eat. "I will pay you for it, whatever it may be." After an absence of an hour or more, he returned with a bundle in a newspaper containing bread and mutton chops. They ate heartily and I should have done the same, were it not for a peculiar flavor of the meat. In an undertone, and very quietly, I asked what it was? In the same tone and just as quietly, the young man said kangaroo.

After being out for a week or more, the sun shone bright and cheerful, as we drove in to a small town with one street, very like all towns of the same caliber. I engaged the hall and started Cunningham with a bundle of printing for the outskirts, while McMahon and I took the main business street. I came to a large building; a barn or storehouse, I knew not which, but I entered and went through a door to another large room where I saw a man busily engaged painting a sign. He greeted me very pleasantly and during our conversation, he asked, if I had ever been in California. "Oh, yes, it is but a few months since I left there. I used to be in the show business." "Is that so?" "Yes, did you know Maguire?" "Tom Maguire, do you mean? Oh, yes, I know him very well. My last engagement in San Francisco was with Maguire, at the Academy of Music on Pine Street. I was his business and stage manager." "I was also engaged by Maguire and performed at the Opera House on Washington Street?" "You did?" "Yes." "Did you perform in Sacramento?" "Yes." "Where?" "At the Sacramento Theatre." "Did you play the Rat Catcher's Daughter?" "Yes." "How are you, Sims? I'm glad indeed to see you." He then told of an English Captain who had known him from his boyhood

days. "His ship was in San Francisco. He had a charter for Melbourne and wanted me and my wife to come along, and here I am." This to me looked pitiable, for they were remarkably clever people but they were under a cloud from which they never emerged.

At Wanganui I was shown the place where Johnny Gilbert, the noted highwayman, made his rendezvous. The Irish servant who waited on the table asked, if I wanted to hire a low Irishman. He evidently wanted to play low Comedy.

TARANAKI.

The Landlord at Taranaki told of his little girl four years old, being lost in the bush. He, with a native Australian armed with a boomerang went in search, and discovered the child on a flat rock apparently asleep, while a snake stood over her about to strike. The native raised his arms as a signal of silence, and then threw the boomerang with such accuracy and force that it cut the snake in two. In Taranaki I purchased a boomerang and now have it among my relics.

On our arrival at Brisbane, I found that the Georgia Minstrels (colored) were at the Hotel in which we had intended to go, therefore we

took the next best. I soon found that the colored people were as much in favor as they were in London during my stay there in 1871. A few days after our arrival, I saw one of the members in the parlor talking with Alice, my violinist. I called her out and explained to her why she should not receive any of that Company at the Hotel: "They are at the other Hotel and because of that, we are here. They are all right by themselves. So are we." Through this incident, I had created a feeling of enmity among our white brethren who really appeared to act and feel that the Georgia Minstrels were the white man's superior. I called my company together and explained the situation and stated that I had lost all that I could afford. If there are any of you who wish to return to Sydney, I will pay your fare on the steamer which sails to-morrow. McMahon, Alice and Cunningham said they would return. On their departure Cunningham said, "Taylor, I owe you a hundred dollars." "That's all right, Cunningham, I'll never ask you for it, unless I meet you sometime when I'm broke and you have plenty."

On his return to San Francisco, when meeting Mr. and Mrs. Marshall who had given Cunningham such a splendid recommend, an accurate description of his most extraordinary charac-



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EXCUSE ME, I AM LOOKING FOR MY SADDLE

teristics, Mrs. Marshall asked, "Why did you leave Taylor?" "Well, the business was poor, the rain followed us all the way from Sydney until our arrival in Brisbane and Taylor owed me a hundred dollars, so I left him in Brisbane." After they had sailed away, I said, "Now, Mattie, you and mama and I can get along all right, even if we only have a few people to play before, as our expenses will be much less than they have been." "Yes, papa, we are all right." And we really were, for we performed before larger audiences on our return trip than we did when coming up, but owing to the long jump, we arrived in Sydney with very little money. Here, I had an opportunity to go to St. Helena as there was a sailing ship going to sea and would stop there. I received a proposition or I may say, an invitation from the Captain who was a fine man. He had seen, and enjoyed our entertainments several times. If you want to go, I can tell you that you can leave there with two or three thousand dollars ahead just as well as not. I went to the Hotel, and reported the good news to Mrs. Taylor and Mattie. The thought to Mattie was delightful, but Mrs. Taylor demurred. "Why, I said we can go there and see the place, have a good time, make money and take the first ship that comes along for any

place." "Yes," she replied, "and we may be obliged to remain there waiting for a ship as long as Napoleon did." That was a clincher, and I said no more about St. Helena. I looked upon this as a much better proposition than Hussey and I had while in Singapore. We met with the Captain of a trading craft which was bound for Borneo. "Well, boys, I'll take you along if you want to go, but they might eat you."

On giving our second entertainment at Temperance Hall, Sydney, prior to going to Brisbane a young man had played the piano so extraordinary that I had tried to engage him, on my return. He said that Jim Mace wanted him and his uncle wanted him to come to Honolulu. "I have just received a letter from him and I don't know which is best to do. Here is his letter," he said, handing it to me. "I don't want to read your letter." I looked at the bottom and read: Joseph Pickering.

A young man whose name I have forgotten but should remember, as he came in and took the place of the would be pianist at Parramatta, in whom I had misplaced my confidence, met me again by chance in the streets of Sydney. This young man was a talented musician. He had a home, a wife and a baby at North Shore. He advised me to come and give a performance. I

have told the people about you and I believe you will do well if you come. "Will you secure the hall for me for the coming Saturday night?" "Yes, I will do that willingly, and if you wish I will come and play the piano for you." "No, I want you and your wife and as many of your friends as you wish to bring, to come and see the show at my expense." That afternoon while walking along the docks, I saw an American Flag flying on one of the many ships in Port. I went on board and introduced myself to the Captain. Through his invitation, I sampled his wine and cigars, presented him with a ticket, told him where the entertainment was to be given, and asked if he would honor me by his presence and was about to step on shore when he said, "There is another Yankee Ship just below here." "Is there? Well, I'll go and see the Captain." "Yes, do, you will find him to be a good fellow." I went and saw him and he proved a good fellow and no mistake. This was Captain Harry Arbicombe of the Bark, *Great Surgeon* of Boston. Both of these jolly sea-dogs came to the show and as they expressed it, enjoyed it immensely. Just as the curtain went down, a boy came in, with a Good-night card, "We must catch the boat. Will see you again." "Tell those men to wait and go with me. I have

a launch that will take us over." They waited and through this, we became better acquainted and everlasting friends. Captain Arbicombe invited us to come on board for breakfast on Sunday morning. This we gladly accepted, as it would be a change from the usual Sunday morning breakfast that we had become accustomed to. He had a colored man for a cook and a Chinaman as steward, both well up in their profession. After breakfast while walking up and down the deck, the Captain asked what my plans were? "Well, I have no fixed plan at the present time." "Come and go with me." "Where are you going?" "I have a charter for China and I expect to sail in about three weeks." "Where do you sail from?" "Newcastle." "Well, Captain, I have been in China once. I was there with the Backus Minstrels in 1861. We did well at that time. If I thought I could do equally as well now, I would have no hesitancy in saying at once that we will go with you, but I will talk the matter over with Mrs. Taylor." This I did, and we decided that we could not do better than to go to China and as we were to sail from Newcastle, this would be my place to put on Joshua Whitmore (as I have stated Newcastle being a rendezvous for Actors who were out of a job and short of money). As the re-

sult of the play has already been stated, further comment is useless. We decided to go and began preparing, by ordering new printing and light clothing. All being in readiness, we sailed away on the gallant Bark *Great Surgeon* and after a passage of forty-five days arrived safely in Hong Kong, where I found but few that remembered me. There were many changes for the better in Hong Kong, prominent among them being the New Opera House built where the grass-covered structure stood in 1861. In Sydney I had bought a little snow white French Poodle for Mattie. She called it Sidney or Sid. The weather being extremely warm, 120 in the shade, Sid had a fit, but by cutting off his shaggy hair he came out all right and she brought him to San Francisco. I found the price of the Opera House for a single night to be one hundred dollars; for three nights seventy-five dollars a night, payable in advance each night. This I paid and we played to a good house, but not crowded. The next morning while at breakfast, I received a note from the officer in Command (not a request, but a command), that we give our next show at the Garrison Theatre. This was the first time in my career as a showman that I ever played by command. I was not at all offended as we took in over four hun-

dred dollars at the door and no rent to pay. On applying for the Opera House for the second performance, I was told I must pay one hundred dollars. "How is that?" I asked. "Well, you performed at the Garrison Theatre on your second night." "Of course we did. We were obliged to. It was by command." Sergeant Windrum of the Iniskillen Fusileers with whom I had become quite well acquainted advised me to go and see an old gentleman who was second in power to the Governor. I went as directed and found the old gentleman in a large government building, with a sentry on each side of the stone steps leading to the entrance. They were about to stop me, when I waved my hand and said, "It's all right," and walked in to a large room, up to the desk where the old gentleman sat, whom I recognized from the description. There were twenty or more clerks who looked up apparently in surprise. I stated my case to the old gentleman who very pleasantly looked up smilingly and said, "I can see nothing wrong in your request." "Will you state as much on a slip of paper?" "Certainly I will, with pleasure." He did so, and I secured the Theatre at the price first agreed upon.

"Taylor, are you a Mason?" "I am." "Why the d——I didn't you make it known?" "Well,

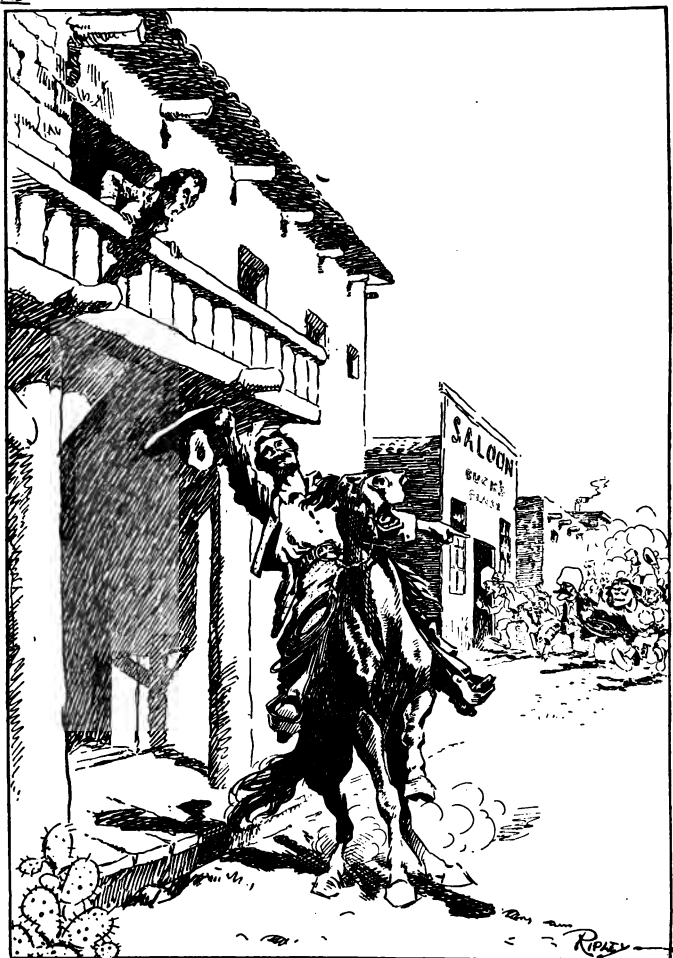
it is so seldom that I have an opportunity to visit, owing to my profession that I seldom give the subject a thought." "We have a meeting to-night. Will you come?" "I should be delighted, but really I am so rusty, I don't know that I could pass." "If you are a Mason you can pass." I went and had the most enjoyable evening that I have ever experienced in any part of the world thanks to Sergeant Windrum and the Lodge of F. A. M.

CHINESE FUNERAL AND A DOG FIGHT.

While in Hong Kong we were staying at the German Hotel on the Queens road; this being central we had an opportunity to see all that was going on. I became interested in funerals as I understood that a good salary was being paid to Star Mourners, not that I intended to fit myself for that profession, but when a small boy, my father said, "My son, whatever you learn to do, learn to do it well," therefore I wanted to see just what the requirements were for one to become a Star Mourner. One day when an extra long procession with a band in the lead was passing, a dog fight was going on. One of the musicians who played an instrument very like a clarinet, became interested in the fight and

stopped to see the finish, and continued playing his instrument while the procession moved on; when he discovered that he was alone, he started on a run to catch them, still playing his instrument. The Star Mourner on this occasion was a lady who was gently supported by two gentlemen, while her toes were being dragged on the ground.

Having secured passage on the ship *C. F. Sargent* with Captain Atherton bound for San Francisco, I advertised a benefit for little Mattie and the last appearance of the Taylor Family, as we sailed on a certain date. This promised to be a great financial success, but fate was against us, as about the time the doors were opened, a fire alarm was given and the Queens road was blockaded on the North and South of the Theatre, the result being, our receipts were less than \$300.00, instead of \$800.00 which I had been told would be taken in. The *C. F. Sargent* was a fine ship commanded by a much finer Captain whom I hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting. He was a devout Christian, a good sailor beloved by the officers and crew. A better man I never met than Captain Atherton. While in Hong Kong I became acquainted with Mosby, the American Consul, who was known during the war as the Guerrilla Chief. I found him



THEY ARE GOING TO HANG YOU

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to be a very pleasant gentleman. I was present when two Yankee Captains were in his office; the weather being cold and rainy, he appeared to be suffering and finally gave vent to his feelings with, "Them D——d Yankee bullets." "Why didn't you keep out of range?" asked one of the skippers. To which Mosby replied, "I reckon I was at home."

Opposite the Hotel was a large building where there were many Chinese employed packing their dried fruits and other products. A great part of the work being done at night. For a week or more, every night, a Chinese woman would sing to the accompaniment of a Chinese banjo. This being the only instance where the Chinese music appealed to me as being musical or artistic. The playing and singing was certainly fine, very fine.

I was anxious to go to Shanghai, Canton, Wampoo and Macow, but Mrs. Taylor and Mattie wanted to go home and see mama and grandma, so we sailed away, and in fifty-two days were safely landed. One of the sailors fell from aloft and fortunately struck on the side of the boat that was lying keel up, on the after-deck. He was not hurt in the least, but it was a real jolt and no mistake.

The captain had brought along a Chinese boy;

a pretty little fellow, a son of the wealthy merchant who I believed had chartered the ship and owned a greater part of the cargo. One beautiful sunshiny day while having a good stiff breeze and a pretty heavy sea, we were all quietly reading, when the boy came in with a rush, his eyes opened more than half as much again as the original size, shouting big fish. Sure enough. There were three very large whales playing around us like so many kittens on the floor. A short distance astern four more were seen having equally as much fun.

When a dolphin was seen chasing some flying fish, two of the latter fell on the deck and we had a fine fish dinner, served especially for Mattie, which she divided liberally.

Before our arrival in San Francisco I had finished reading the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, and with better effect and more lasting result than ever before. I never realized the insignificance of man until this wonderful proof of our weakness was so magnificently illustrated.

After the usual greetings and descriptions of the sights in foreign lands we began to prepare for what proved to be the last season of the Taylor Family. We made a mistake from the start by going North to Oregon. Our reputation was established all along the Union Pacific. We

made our start without an agent, not being quite determined just where we were going, as the trains were not running through to Portland, there being a gap between Red Bluff and Yreka. At Red Bluff I must hire a team. I asked the Landlord if he could recommend a man who would take us through. He knew just the man and sent for him. "What will you charge to take me to Yreka?" I asked. "I'll take you for five dollars a day and expenses." I accepted his offer and we started the next morning early, and had not been on the road two hours, when I regretted having met the gentleman, for I could see the fellow had determined to bleed me for five dollars a day, just as long as I could or would stand it. On the last day or what should have been the last day, we were within four miles of Yreka at two o'clock P. M., when he drove off of the road to camp. I managed the next morning to get him started at 7 A. M., and arrived at Yreka at 11 A. M. Martin, a former agent of E. C. Taylor, the prestidigitator, stood at the door as we arrived. "Hello, Martin. What are you doing here?" "I am waiting for you," he replied. "How did you know we were coming?" "I heard when you left San Francisco."

Immediately on our arrival I called the teamster in, and paid him for the last half a day that

we were on the road. "No, sir, I must have a whole day and my expenses, up until to-morrow morning." "Will you have your breakfast?" I asked. "Yes, of course I will." "If you have your dinner, supper, lodging and breakfast, you will have it at your expense, not mine, and I am willing to leave the question with the Landlord whether I am right or wrong, and leave it to him and act on his decision." The teamster agreed to this, but the Landlord refused to decide, but there is a man he said, who will, referring to a lawyer who was just passing. "All right, call him in." "Will you explain the case or shall I?" "You go on," he said. I did without any interruption by the teamster, I say this to his credit. The lawyer decided in my favor and I thought no more of it. The next morning before I was up, the Landlord knocked at my door, saying, "That teamster is trying to injure you." "What has he been doing?" "You go across the street to the stable and you will see." "Is he there now?" "No, he left at daybreak." I went and found the fellow had left a large written notice pasted on the stable door, warning all teamsters to beware of one Taylor, a showman, and went on telling how shamefully I had treated him. I found the mail stage had not left, so I took the notice and mailed it to the Landlord who rec-

commended this man (he probably received it), with a full explanation of the whole affair (before the return of the teamster, provided he drove as slow as he did on his way up). How they settled it, I never knew.

"Well, Martin, you said you were here waiting for me. What do you propose to do?" "I want to go out as your advance agent. You know my ability." "Yes, I do. How much do you want?" "I'll leave that to you, Mr. Taylor. I'm satisfied you will give me a square deal." "But that teamster thought differently. All right, Martin, come up to my room. I have a trunk full of printing and a suit of clothes better than those you have on." He got into a complete suit, from socks to collar. I gave him twenty dollars and the following instructions: "Go ahead and do the best you can for me." He did, and worked for me successfully for many weeks, after which on several occasions I heard a few people say something as to this man, my agent, and I became curious to know what was the matter with him, and I said, "What is it you have to say about his habits? I know nothing wrong about him. What do you know about him?" "Why, he's an opium fiend." "Is that so?" "Yes, he gets in among the Chinamen and drinks and smokes whenever and wherever

he has a chance." I was doing a good business and in several places he had posted blank paper on the wall and then painted a poster that any circus would be proud of. I did not realize that my trunk of printing was lost until I caught him in Missoula, Montana, and I could not even understand the condition that he was in, until the extreme cold night, when he and I went out to bill the town.

MARTIN TAKING HIS DOPE.

We started out with a bucket of steaming hot paste which in many places would freeze before we could get them up. These posters were a few that I found after he had left me at Eureka. He worked like a good fellow for an hour or more and then collapsed. "It's no use, Taylor, I can't do any more." Then seeing a light in the druggist's window, said, "See if you can get in there? I must have something." I found the druggist was there and we entered. Martin called for what he wanted. "My God, man," said the druggist, "that will kill you." "Never mind. Give it to me quick. I know what I want." He took it and swallowed it down and then brightened up and said: "Come on, Taylor, I'm all right now." I never knew what he took,

but it had had the desired effect, for the time being, at least. At Butte I gave him a lecture and an overcoat. I told him what was true—that I had seen men in China crawling on the ground like snakes from the effects of this horrible habit. “What would you do if you were in such condition?” He replied, “There are plenty of six-shooters in the country.” I paid him \$80.00 and left him there to die. Two years later, I saw a fine looking man on Market Street, San Francisco, and on coming nearer, to my surprise and great delight I found him to be Martin. “How are you, Mr. Taylor?” “Why, Martin, is that you? What does this mean?” He then displayed his badge, which explained all. The Salvation Army had made a man of him. “Bless God, and the Salvation Army,” was my silent prayer. Six years later he came to my house and took dinner. He asked a blessing and in our after-dinner talk, he urged me to join the army. “I thank you, Martin, but, as I am a communicant in the Episcopal Church I feel that I am safe while doing what I can for the cause of Christianity.”

Just a few days before starting on my way to Oregon, I was passing the California Theatre when McFarland, the scenic artist, hailed me. “Hello, Joe. I see your old friend Pickering is

in Town." "Is that so? Where is he staying?" "I think you'll find him at the International." That night or morning after the Theatre was out, I called and found his name and number on the register. "What floor is Pickering on?" I asked the night clerk. "I'll go and show you his room." "No, give me a candle, I'll find it." At 1:30 A. M., I knocked at his door. "Who's that?" "Open the door," was my reply. "Is that you, Joe?" He knew my voice. We sat and talked until daylight. He told of the position he was offered in Auckland in a large piano House. He was engaged as salesman and given an elegantly furnished room in the building. "Somehow or for some cause, I know not what, I refused to occupy the room. That night the building was burned to the ground." I invited him to my sister's home that she might hear him play. He played, but refused to repeat any of the many pieces which he was master of.

THE INDIAN IN THE BLIZZARD.

After playing in all the principal towns in Montana and giving my farewell at Helena, I wrote to the commanding officer at Fort Assiniboine, asking if they would be pleased to have us come and give our entertainment. "Yes," was



MATTIE,

The Original Australian Juvenile Buttercup.
(OF THE BLUE TURTLE, MELBOURNE.)

This marvellous child, who first had the honor of appearing before a Melbourne Audience at the Theatre Royal, on the 5th of February, 1880, created the greatest enthusiasm.

OPINIONS OF THE MELBOURNE PRESS.

The "Argus," Friday, February 6th, 1880.

"The performance at the Theatre Royal last night served to introduce to a Melbourne audience Miss Mattie Taylor, from Australia. This remarkably versatile child played the harp and piano, sang a 'patrician' song, a country ballad, and a sentimental song, danced a step-dance, performed a dramatic sketch, and a charming and original variety of acts. None the less when Miss Anne Marie Dore first sailed for Melbourne, she could have appeared on the Melbourne stage, that could compare with her. She played the greatest enthusiasm in the audience, and was most heartily applauded of each performance."

"Telegraph," February 6th, 1880.

"At the Theatre Royal last night prior to a number of novelties were the progressions. Chief among them was Mattie Taylor, a girl of twelve years, who is really the dearest child yet seen in this country, not excepting 'the Little Anna Maria Queen,' who will be remembered by old theatregoers. Miss Mattie appeared in a delightful sketch entitled 'The Little Soldier,' and in this she triumphed over very different opposition, and such she continued to make a distinct individuality, a test of true talent. She sang well, danced well, played the harp a variety, and the drums, and proved her versatility in a most different way, to the evident surprise of the audience, who applauded Miss Mattie accordingly."

"Daily Telegraph," Saturday, June 26th, 1880.

"There was a brilliant audience at the Theatre last night on the occasion of a presentation of a splendid new song made to M. Mattie Taylor, in recognition of her talented performance of the character of 'a little soldier.' Mr. Williams presented the gift, reminding her that he hoped Miss Taylor would receive it as a mark of her father's esteem for her, and that whenever she looked at it she would remember the donor, as they thought her first work. He further said that it was desired by the donor to have it sent to such a honorable connection in her person, in which she had already made a most judicious contribution, her youth. In reply, Miss Mattie Taylor, whose whole performance has been a triumph, said, 'Trusting to Mrs. Lewis, I will take care of it.' With that request, Mrs. Lewis complied in her most happy manner."

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the reply, "there will be an ambulance coming up to-morrow and you can come up in that." This was an exceedingly rough and hard road to travel; being caught in a blizzard, we remained over night at a Station where an Indian who, when caught out, ran in and up to the stove and dropped dead. We got there and gave two shows with great success. Every reserved seat being sold, and more than two thirds for the following night were secured before they left the hall.

While traveling over a long route by stage we stopped at a Station that was noted for the fine meals served by beautiful young ladies; I asked that we be served with just a plain lunch. This I did from the fact that the weather was extremely cold. We had travelled a long distance and we were cold, hungry and sleepy. I felt there was danger of going to sleep, if we ate a hearty meal, and a greater danger of freezing, if we slept. Instead of a lunch, a fine chicken dinner was served and we all ate heartily, the result being, notwithstanding I wore a heavy chin-chilla overcoat and a buffalo coat over that, my stomach was frost-bitten while I slept, the effect being I was deprived of the pleasure or satisfaction of a drink of cold water for two years. The last performance given by the Taylor Family

was at Salt Lake City. Mattie was now sixteen years of age and decided that she had travelled long enough. To my surprise, Mrs. Taylor had leased a Hotel in Ogden. "This may be all right, but I believe you are making a mistake, for now is your chance that you will never have again. Aggie has become quite proficient as a Cornet Soloist and she can go on, and introduce her solo as one of the characters in 'The Little Orphan.' We will go to New York, where we shall be on the high road to fortune."

The great trouble which seemed to bear most heavily on Mattie's mind was a young man, a telegraph operator by the name of Hunt, a very ambitious and rather good-looking young fellow, whose interest in Mattie's behalf was unmistakable. I had no particular use for an operator, but as Mattie felt that she could not go farther without him, and as she could be one of the Star boarders at her mother's Hotel, she resolved to break her engagement with me, and that she and Mr. Hunt would organize an entire new Company, presumably of their own blood relations. They were married and the last I heard from them they were living in Chicago, having organized a Company large enough to fill a band wagon.

Six months after leaving Ogden, I received a

letter from Mrs. Taylor asking for a divorce. This request was granted at considerable expense to me, that she might marry another, and thus ended the career of "The Taylor Family."

After all these years, I can truthfully say and with pride that I never asked for an engagement but once, that being the year after the earthquake and destruction of San Francisco. My present wife and son had taken a cottage on the beach, and I applied to Mr. Norris or Morrison, the manager of the Orpheum. I had seen many acts on the Orpheum stage, some of which were better than mine, that I had been rehearsing, some not as good, and therefore I wanted a try out. I did not need the money, but in pugilistic parlance I wanted to prove that I could come back. The manager's thoughts ran thus: "Here is an old guy that is stage struck. I must get rid of him," then in an audible tone, after sizing me up, "You will have to go to Chicago, where you can get all the work you can do, if you've got the goods."

In Empire City, Oregon, lived Patrick Flanagan, the banker, a fine old Irish gentleman, whose hospitality was unmistakable, and who invited Mrs. Taylor and myself to dinner at his home. He asked many questions in relation to my experiences while traveling through Foreign

countries and I told him how when in Hong Kong, I had occasion to call on the Governor, and not finding the gentleman at home, I met and became acquainted with his Secretary, a Chinese who was dressed in European style. "You are not a Chinaman, are you?" "Yes," he replied, "I was born here in Hong Kong, but I was educated in Europe." "Do you ever drink any whiskey?" "Sometimes." "Why," says Flanagan, "he took you for an Irishman." This was as positive as the gentleman on the train, when all was quiet and those who were not reading, were sleeping, walked through the car and in a loud voice said, "Is there any gentleman present from Kentucky?" "I'm from Kentucky," said one, looking over the top of his paper. "Will you lend me your corkscrew?"

"Sarah Winnemucca," Indian Princess, was engaged by Mr. Fitch to travel and lecture in behalf of her tribe. Sarah was not highly educated, but was naturally bright. She was the daughter of Chief Winnemucca, from whom the town in Nevada derived its name. During the Indian outbreak, she was engaged as guide with General O. O. Howard. Through this engagement she became acquainted with, and married Mr. Hopkins, who had been an officer during the time that Sarah acted as guide. Hopkins

was a pleasant spoken little man, of good appearance and jovial manners. Fitch had made this engagement and that was as far as he could go, as he knew absolutely nothing about the show business. He went to see Mr. Sterrett, the printer, to ask his advice in the matter. "You had better see Taylor," was Sterrett's advice. We met, and he asked if I could take her out and make any money. "It is doubtful in my mind." "Why?" "Everybody has seen Indians on this Coast." "How would it do to take her East?" "I don't believe it would pay, but if you have means to take her to Europe, you can make big money." "Will you take her out of here? Make what you can, and put the money in your pocket." "Yes." It was not until after making this reply, that I discovered that she had a husband whom Fitch had found to be a detriment, as he was a man of no ambition nor character.

I had arranged for her lecture at San Rafael, for some ladies' organization and was well pleased. It was a success in every respect. In giving Sarah her share, I mentioned the fact that I had given Hopkins ten dollars. "You'll never see it again." "No?" "No, he gambles every dollar he can get his hand on." Although his reputation was bad, I determined to assist him. This to the reader may seem strange, but

read the explanation: A certain lawyer in San Francisco on Washington Street who was a professional dead beat, would boast and laugh at the expense of those who had become his victims. As Sarah, Hopkins, and I were crossing the Ferry, I asked Hopkins on our arrival, to go with me and be introduced to a friend of mine, whom, I said, you will find to be a nice man. You may be able to borrow a dollar. He smiled. I introduced and left them in the office by themselves. I never saw Hopkins after this parting. Three months later, I read of Hopkins's death. This I reported to the lawyer. "Is that — — — —? Is he dead?" "Why, what's the matter?" "Why, that — — — — came in here one day and wanted to borrow twenty dollars for a short time, and I let the — — — — have it." "Why, I'm sorry. It's too bad. Good-day."

I told this story to Mr. Arnot, a jovial fellow, who laughed heartily, but to my great surprise, some weeks later, when I greeted him with "Good-morning, Mr. Arnot," I was told not to speak to him. I never asked for an explanation until I met his wife, who told of having received a valentine. Judging from her description, it was not complimentary. "This is some of Taylor's work. I'll lick him for that," was his ultimatum.

A SEASON WITH BOB AND EVA MAGINLY.

While lying sick in bed in Virginia City, I received a third letter from the Maginlys with an offer to travel with them. I was hardly able to be about, but replied that I would meet them at Lake Tahoe, as they had suggested. I started at once, and had two days before their arrival in which to rest. When meeting Bob, with whom I had no previous acquaintance, he made the proposition that he would give me an equal share with him and his wife, that is, one-third. "I can't afford to pay you a salary. I know you are a high-salaried man." In reply, I asked for an hour to think it over. At the expiration of the time mentioned, I returned with this reply. "You have offered me one-third interest with you, and I pay one third of the expenses, including two dollars a day for the team." They travelled entirely by their own conveyance. "Suppose instead of one third, you allow me one fifth and you pay all the expenses." "What do you mean?" "Well, I mean this, suppose you take in a hundred dollars, you allow me twenty and you pay all the expenses out of your eighty. We are comparative strangers, and by doing this way we shall know just how we stand. We can try this for one month, and if

we are both satisfied we can keep on until the end of the season. If not, we can make other arrangements."

They accepted my offer, and we commenced business. I found them to be very pleasant and agreeable. Never an unpleasant word passed between us during the season of 1886. "I don't want you to play the first night," said Bob, "but I want you to sit in front and see what we can do." This proposition suited me, for I was yet quite weak. After seeing the performance, they asked my opinion and I frankly told them that I believed there was room for improvement. After two weeks rehearsal, Eva and I did Barney's Courtship very creditably. Bob was so well pleased with the sketch that he announced Barney's Courtship by Eva Maginly, assisted by Mr. Taylor. We were on the road about four months, never near a railroad, other than to cross one occasionally. At the end of the first month, I said to Bob, "The month is up." His reply was, "I am satisfied. Are you?" We were in some pretty wild places. In one place, a man came to me in a maudlin condition and told me his troubles. His wife had left him and other grievances, none being of the slightest interest to me. "You are bringing more trouble upon yourself by drinking. Take my advice and

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 2, 1879.
GRAND NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

MR. WARDEN OF THE MARCH OF BRISBANE.

On which occasion the following special Programmes will be given, as shown:

Miss LOUIE THYNE (12 years of age) will Preside at the Piano.

OVERTURE

— — — — — ORCHESTRA

Timothy Timms	112	125	137	149	161	Mr. J. H. Taylor
Matilda Timms	144	156	168	180	192	Mrs. Jessie Taylor

ASSUMED CHARACTER

ARABELLA, Mr. J. H. Taylor; SCHER SAM, Mr. J. H. Taylor; VIKINGS
YAW YAW, Mrs. Jessie Taylor; MRS. O'BLENDY, Mrs. Jessie Taylor.

INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES.

OVERTURE	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288
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As—The Girl of the Period.—Gay Old Dame.—Horn Guards Blind.—
and The Drummer Boy.

<p>A retireless child, young wonder of the age! A yellowing thousands greet you on the stage: A nghs young in years, the youthful stars shine,</p> <p>F resplendent bright in the "Protean line," I n all your changes—old men or lovely bells late drummer-boy or dashing cavalier.</p>	<p>T he orphan lonely, "left of parents' love," A yet the young star, who keeps his watch over us men exposed, and play with us as much as I.</p> <p>L ove endures other life as you take men part of all our hearts you throw your magic over us in the genius of Thorne America.</p>
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Introducing Vocal and Banjo Duets, with Bird Imitations & Operatic Solos
MR. & MRS. TAYLOR

"When 'tis Moonlight" (Waltz Song) - Mrs. Taylor

Will make a few remarks and

PLAY ON TWO BANJOS AT ONE TIME

(Recipient of the Gold Medal at the Exhibition Building, Sydney.)

OVERTURE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	
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To coincide with the Petite Course

As performed by Mattie over 400 nights with great success.

ANNIE, the Orphan (with song)	100	100	100	100	MATTIE
ANGELINE, a sympathetic young lady	100	100	100	100	MATTIE
JOE, a regular Brownie, in love with Annie (Dram & Banjo Solo)	100	100	100	100	MATTIE
SALLY BROWN, (with song) Old Brown's daughter & Step Jig	100	100	100	100	MATTIE
MRS. STREETLAND, a supposed widow, but in reality a uneducated old spinster, who is past thirty-six	100	100	100	100	MRS. J. B. TAYLOR
DENNIS, the only remaining servant, and Annie's friend and protector	100	100	100	100	MR. JOE TAYLOR

R. S. Hays & Co., Printers, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

drink no more, but go to bed." My advice was not heeded, the result being a fight with a school teacher who bit off the fellow's upper lip, mustache and all, and when men were out with lanterns looking for it, a dog ran away with it.

As Bob was so much pleased with my work, he said in the presence of several men in the Hotel office, "Here is a man who has taught me more than I ever knew in show business." This, with the fact that he had paid for his home in San Francisco out of this year's profit, made me greatly surprised when Bob said to me, "We can't afford to pay you so much." "Can't you? Is there a stage leaving here soon?" "Yes," he replied, "there is one going out in the morning, but see here, you are not going to leave me this way." "Leave you, no, you have discharged me."

During my first engagement with the Backus Party on our Northern tour, Mr. Norton, a young man from Philadelphia, of good appearance and with some talent, having engaged as second violinist, left the Company very suddenly and without warning. After his departure, we found that he had borrowed small sums of money from each and every member. He touched me for a Fiver.

At Cornucopia, a mining camp in Oregon, we

performed on Saturday night to a large and highly appreciative audience. Being very tired and the horses jaded, as we had just made a long drive, we decided to remain over Sunday. I had heard the miners speaking with pride of the new Mill and splendid machinery which had just been placed, and I resolved to go and see and satisfy my own curiosity. The distance, as near as I can remember, being about one mile. After a hearty Sunday dinner I walked out and saw the Mill and massive machinery of which the miners so proudly boasted. I found it to be far superior to any I had yet seen. The miners in their description had not exaggerated in the least. At about 2:30 P. M. I started on my return. After walking less than one third the distance I noticed the mountains were not as steep as they were nearer the Mill, and as I wished to get a view of the surrounding country I climbed the hill, which was covered with sage brush and very dusty. I kept on until quite exhausted; then stopped to rest and take a view of the distant mountains. While thus enjoying the wild scene, and without the slightest warning of the near approach of any living being, an elegantly dressed young man stood beside me without the least sign of dust on his clothing, while with me the dust was up to my knees; and his shoes were

shining as if just polished. "How do you do, sir," was my salutation. "How do you do," was his reply, while his eyes were fixed steadily upon me. I then mentioned the fine machinery which I had seen at the Mill. "Have you seen it?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, with his eyes still immovable. "But what is it?" I asked, "when comparing it with the sun, moon and stars, which we can see in the heavens." "Nothing," was his reply. I was charmed by his appearance and was anxious to hear him talk. So I said, "This life is a mystery." "No, sir," was his reply. "This is no mystery." He then went on with the most beautiful and convincing language; such as I had never heard. So musical, so charming, so sympathetic, so heavenly. I should be happy to listen to him forever, but he was gone! While I took as it were a last look at the Mill, he had vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. I returned to the hotel feeling that I had a secret or heavenly mystery. I was undecided and at a loss to know how to act, or what to do with this wonderful revelation. I do not remember having revealed the incident to McGinley.

At Callahan's ranch we were obliged to remain over night. Mr. Callahan, a fine man, liberal to a fault, said, "Boys, why don't you give a show here? There will be five stages in be-

fore nine o'clock. You will have a good crowd. You can have the dining room, and I'll give you twenty-five dollars to let some of my Indians in to see the show." The room was filled with passengers who came by stage. Twenty Indians were there and took front seats, while many, if not all, went sound to sleep during the performance.

A LADY'S OPINION OF SHOW-PEOPLE.

A lady in Texas, without being asked, gave her opinion of show people. I was engaged with Ben Wheeler and Elsie DeCorsie to play our way from Galveston to New York. There being but five in the Company, all told, our expenses being light, we felt safe in taking in small towns that large Companies would pass by. We did not leave the railroad. "What's this? An auction?" asked one of two ladies who stood at the gate, as I presented a show bill. "No, Mam. It's a show." "Well, you all ought to be drove out of the country." "Why, what harm have we done?" "You don't do anybody any good. You come here and take what money you can get, and to-morrow you are gone. Why don't you go out in the field and work, same's my man does?" "What is your man doing?" "He's

hoeing taters." "Do you sell any of your potatoes at the Hotel?" "Yes." "I had some this morning. They are fine, but don't you know that it would not pay for every one to hoe potatoes. I am paying two dollars a day for board at the Hotel. If there were no people traveling, you could not get as good a price for your potatoes and other products. There would be no use for railroads, if every one stayed at home. I believe that you will agree with me that show people are not so bad, when I explain to you how much they can and will do. We patronize the railroad, the Hotel. We pay license for the privilege of making people laugh and be happy; we pay rent for the hall; we pay a man to take our baggage to and from the train; we advertise in your paper; so you see, what we take in is not all clear, and if we make our expenses here, we shall be well pleased." "What do you stop here for?" "Well, this is on the route and what we may lose here, possibly we can make up in the next town where the people are more liberal than what they are here. I must tell you what the most eminent physicians in all parts of the world agree upon, that the safest, surest, cheapest and most permanent cure for dyspepsia, is a hearty laugh." "Well, I reckon I'll come." "Thank you. Good-day."

In 1872 or 3 when Arkansas had two Governors with a possibility of having none, as every one was at war with those whose views did not agree with the majority, I with a small Company had as it were, dropped into a trap; the streets being barricaded and no entrance to, or exit from, the Town of Little Rock. I had a small Company who looked to me for support. We had given one or two performances, which were not a success, from the fact that no one could be found that could collect the price of admission at the door, every man being heavily armed and on the slightest provocation would draw his gun and knock down any one who had the temerity to oppose him. This act was performed on two door-keepers whom I had engaged, each being satisfied with one night's experience. Having no money to pay at the Hotel, I secured rooms in the Old Ashley Mansion. This building we were told had been occupied by both the officers of the Southern and Northern Army, changes being made, as the war went on. One morning as I came down the steps fumbling two twenty-five-cent pieces, and wondering where and when breakfast was to be had, an old colored lady with a bandana handkerchief bound around her head, said, "Massa, for de love of God gib me sumfin to eat." I divided equally and it proved

to be a case of casting your bread upon the water. There were five people, members of my Company, upstairs, waiting for me to call them for breakfast. It was near noon and every member was blessed with a good appetite. What's to be done, was the question uppermost in my mind while standing on the stone steps of the Mansion, when along came a young man whose face was familiar, but whose name I never knew. "How are you, Joe? Come on, I'll play you a game of billiards." I went and played, and won, and he wanted to play another. I made the excuse that I did not feel like playing. "What's the matter, Joe? Are you broke?" "Very near," whereupon he handed me ten dollars which I accepted with a promise that I would return it with interest. I have never seen him since. My Company and I had a breakfast and dinner all at once. I saw the trodden path in the rear of the Mansion where the guard had walked during the occupancy of the building by the officers and was shown the spot directly under the path, where a large iron kettle had been taken out, after the war was over. This imprint was of the size and shape of the kettle and I was told could be seen for many months.

VINPQURA.

On my way to Coos Bay, Oregon, I left the train at Drian, and continued on by stage to Gardner, a prominent milling camp on the Vinpcura River, where we arrived at 10 A. M. on Sunday. Being too late to catch the boat we must remain over until Monday. The hotel had been destroyed by fire. Mr. Shilling, the proprietor, a splendid gentleman, furnishing meals to all travelers who chanced to come that way until the building of the new hotel, which was fast nearing completion. Mr. Shilling secured a room for me at Mr. and Mrs. Christy's, the newly weds, in their new home, where I left my grip. After dinner, which was served in the F. A. M. building, I went to church and heard a splendid sermon delivered by the Reverend Mr. Green. I mentioned this to the gentlemen while at supper and one man, a prominent citizen, went with me to the evening service. On leaving the church I was surprised to find there were no lights to be seen in any part of the town. "What am I to do? I can't find my way to my room." The gentleman piloted me to the corner, where by keeping in touch with a picket fence I soon reached the house where my real trouble commenced. There was no light in the

hall. I had no matches, so I went groping my way up the winding stairs and on reaching the top I entered the first room I came to. I soon discovered that it was not mine, and I was lost. I could not find my way out. If I remain standing here the chances are some one will take a shot at me. Something must be done, so I spake up quite plainly, "Is there any one here?" In reply I heard a little tremolo voice in high C. "You'd better get out of here." "That's just what I want to do, but I can't find my way out." After she had recovered from her fright and toned down to speaking acquaintance I convinced her that I was not a robber, she consented to strike a light for me and I went on my way rejoicing.

In 1856 The Taylor Brothers were quite popular in all ports on Puget Sound and were liberally patronized wherever we posted the notice of our coming. Mr. Prosh, editor of the Stillicum paper gave us many flattering notices which, of course, were highly appreciated, and our friendly feeling toward him was demonstrated often and in many ways. Mr. Prosh had a very musical deep bass voice.

After an absence of thirty-five years, I, with my wife returned to the Sound and on the first Sunday after the great fire in Seattle we went

to the Episcopal Church, and as we took a seat near the door we could not see the faces of those who came in later. Presently a dignified old couple walked down the center aisle. In a whisper I said, "I believe I know that man. I can tell for sure if I once hear his voice." A few minutes later in the responses I heard "Amen" in E flat Basso Profundo. "That's him, that is Mr. Prosh."

On our way back to the hotel we noticed two ladies talking with two very small boys who were playing in the gutter. The ladies, no doubt, were attracted by their pretty faces which were not clean. This is what we heard as we passed. "What pretty little boys. Where do you live? What is your name?" "My name is Lee. My father is the Methodist Minister. Amen."

Through some mistake or feeling of rivalry the agents of John Wilson's Circus and Backus Minstrels met at Oroville and billed the town for the same date. This was entirely against the wishes or instructions of the managers of either show; but we met to the surprise of all the members and performers, and to the evident delight of many of the town people who were looking forward in expectation of seeing a big fight in which many were willing and ready to take part

in the festivities, should they be called upon. But they were disappointed; there was no fight as the performers were acquainted and on most friendly terms. Wilson had a fine company with a band in uniform. Our party had fife and drum as an attraction. The Circus tent was directly in front and less than a hundred feet from the Theatre. A party of young ladies and gentlemen were waiting at the door listening to the Circus band, while their escorts were securing reserved seats, one lady was heard to say, "I wish I was a musicianer." Her desire was probably to be a musicianist. The crowd was coming thick and fast until all our seats were taken. Wilson could be seen, and in his excitement when walking up and down in front of the band, he finally said to the man with the bass drum. "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Why," said the drummer, "there is a fourteen-bar rest." "Never mind the rest," said Wilson, "go on and beat the drum. You are not hired to rest."

The Circus had a good house, but it was from our overflow.

I am aware that it is not permitted to the writer of history to moralize at length upon the events which are sketched by his pen. Particularly is this true when he has come to the end. All of a sudden he anchors in the bay of the pres-

ent and realizes that his voyage is done. And here I am in California, where oranges, lemons, pomelos, persimmons, pomegranates, almonds, walnuts, olives, grapes, quince and apricots are growing around my home on a corner lot 50 X 145. I have a wife and family comfortably housed in Woodland, 757 First Street. Woodland is a dry town, therefore many residences are being built. Men are coming with their families that their children may be educated in what they believe to be the best schools in California outside of the large cities; and if I am not happy as I should be, as on many occasions when I am alone, I rehearse my stunt which with encores will run thirty minutes. I am not seeking an engagement, but I am prepared; and should I be called upon I am ready to deliver the goods.

CURTAIN

Entire Change of Program To-morrow Night.

END

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